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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Reminiscence.

BY MANNINGTON SIBAN.

Far up along the mountain's edge,
We paused one autumn day,
To rest upon the mossy ledge
And while an hour away.

We made a fire of branches dead,
Beside a boulder's base,
And on the ground our couch was spread,
Fringed round with cedar lace.

Eliz Penciller on paper wrought
A likeness of the scene,
While Juniper with visions sought
The distant water's sheen;

And I, FitzGreen, besought the Muse,
To aid me in my rhymes,
To tint my fancy with her hues,
And ring her sweetest chimes.

The crackling blaze into the air,
Its lightsome lances hurled,
And round our forms reclining there,
The smoke in spirals curled.

While thus we sat before the fire,
On old November's leaves,
The winds above, on Nature's lyre,
Tuned plaintively their griefs.

A cloudy sky above us hung,
And fitful breezes wailed,
And o'er the earth its dales among,
The saddening shadows trailed.

In fragrancy the cedar boughs
Their incense shed around,
So down we bent our pensive brows
Unto the herbless ground;

And drowsy then our senses grew,
We dozed in dreamy naps,
And now and then we peered into
Our case of purest Schnapps.

So there beside our rural hearth,
Upon the browned lea,
Upon the lap of mother earth,
We sat, the social three.

May ever thus through darksome strife
Our hearts be warmed by hope within,
And never know through all our life
The lack of Holland Gin.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

JERKING BILL.

BY G. J. M.

CHAPTER I.

In front lies a broad bay, whose waters sleep in the sunshine: to the South-West is an unarmed Fort, harmless, now, as a monster whose fangs have been extracted. Upon a sand-bluff sprawls a small, straggling village, whose unpretending houses seem now to hide in, and now to peep from, groves of live-oak and prickly-ash and dense shrubbery—courts for musquitoes and sand-flies. Scarce a sound is heard: the silence of death seems to brood over the place. It is noon. The sun is at the zenith; and man, beast, bird, and insect have all sought shelter from his fiery rays It is a day in the latter part of August, A. D. 18—. The streets consisting of deep, white sand, into which the foot sinks above the ankle, tho' bordered with "pride of China" trees, are broad, and reflect the heat of the sky with an intense and suffocating power. Here and there a recking pile of oyster, or clam shells, commingled with the entrails of dead fish, effuse an offensive, and polluting odor. In the rear, a broad belt of pines, sweeping in the arc of a circle, embraces the slumbering village of Alicubi.

Along the main street, trudges a woman.—Her stride is masculine, but there is an air of unwonted weariness about her. Her dress, if dress it can be called, consists of a patchwork of dirty rags. Her head has no other covering but hair of tangled red. She is unshod. Her coarse, and sun-browned features are utterly devoid of expression—impassive, impracticable. In her hand she holds something wrapped in a piece of brown paper. She quickens her step, suddenly.—Has the needle of the prickly pear, abundant here, pierced her foot? No! she still presses on with accelerated pace. On the very verge of the borough, beneath the sombre shade of the pines, she pauses at the door of a wretched hut: it is constructed of unbarked logs, its chimney-half-gone—of wood and clay; its sole window is without glass or shutter. She stoops low, and listens: a drop of moisture falls upon her hand. Is it a tear, a tear from that lustreless eye? Aye! it is even so, for that rough form masks a tender heart. She pushes open the door, and enters. A child, making dirt-pies out of the earthen floor, ceases his work and breaks into a cry of joy, clapping his little hands, and struggling to his feet; but the woman hears not his voice: and sees not, breaking over his face, the sunshine created by her return. She passes to a rudely constructed-trunk, that occupies a corner of the cabin. Upon it he'p'ess, wan, and wasted, lies what, but a few days ago, was a man of large stature, and strength almost gigantic. She raises his head upon her arm, extricated from the brown paper a stick of candy, and placed it in his mouth. The dying man, seems, for a moment, to revive. He muttered, indistinctly, as one awakening from a sleep. His words become articulate.—"Mother, dear mother! I'll be a good boy—I'm good now." His eye brightens, and settles upon his wife: a smile illumes the ghastly face, and makes it, for a moment, positively beautiful. "What, is it you, Jenny? I thought I was a child again, and lay in my mother's arms. God bless you! How is the tide?"

"It is just flood," she responded.

"I am wanted aloft, Jenny; but I'm ready. At the ebb, cast off the painter, and let me go adrift." His voice is choked with the death-rattle. Slowly raising his hand, he points to his child, and then sinks, gently as an infant upon its mother's bosom, into the arms of death. Whether it be accident or not I cannot tell: but rays of golden light, gliding through the crevices of the roof, fall around the head of the dead, and encircle it as with a crown of glory. Perhaps, it is a type of that reward which shall be his, who through a life of poverty, and exposure, and toil and pain, ever preserved a heart, simple, trusting, honest and devout.

Jenny knelt, holding her husband's hand in her own; her head buried in the bed. No convulsions shook her frame; no sob smote upon the ear; no tears relieved the agony.—Thus she remained for several hours. When she arose her eyes were dry, and bloodshot: her face flushed and fevered. Quietly she set about the preparation of the body for its last resting place. Unaided, her own hands closed the eye lids and crossed, meekly, the hands upon the breast: and arranged the body as decently as was in her power. Then drawing some clams, and oysters, from under the bed, she roasted them, and fed her child, as yet unconscious of the great calamity that had overshadowed with its gloom thir humble home.

Shaking some dry sea-weed upon the ground and covering it with an old frock, and a tattered apron, Jenny soothed her boy to sleep. Then she passed into the little enclosure, in the rear of her cottage, that served as a back-yard, and garden: a few gaunt collards, stripped of their leaves, nearly to their heads, stood as sentinels over a duck, and her brood. The woman looked wistfully at the latter, and murmured, "How often I thought to see *him* eat them—one every Sunday; and now they must go to pay for his coffin." Seizing a bucket she leaped over the low fence, and proceeded to a large ditch: it was so ove spread with minute, aquatic, plants that it appeared to be covered with a green mantle. As she drew near, the water became violently agitated, and seemed full of animation. Dipping in her bucket, she withdrew it brim full of large, succulent, tadpoles; these, when minced, constituted the food of her ducks.

When the morrow came a few charitable neighbors assembled; they were not many, but still enough to crowd the small apartment. A clergyman stood, in his robes, ready to read the sublime ritual of the Episcopal Church.—With an irrisistible impulse, Jenny moved to the coffin; she laid her right hand upon it; and then with a cry of mingled awe, submission, hope, and anguish, exclaimed:

"The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

A flood of tears, for the first time came to her relief; and rugged men wept in sympathy. After a few moments, she suffered herself to be led to a seat, and the ceremony proceeded.

Wandering by the grave, a few days subsequently, I was attracted by the singularity of its appearance, and drew near; it was covered and paved around, with clam shells, and conchs, and here and there a bright colored pebble—arranged, rudely, but not without taste, after the fashion of a mosaic.

Sustained by a perfect reliance upon the goodnesses of God, Jenny addressed herself to the task of winning food for herself and orphan boy. She had ever been accustomed to hard labor; but now felt that that labor must be redoubled. She could sail, or paddle a boat with as much skill as any seaman in her vicinity, and was a successful angler; she had scarcely her equal in the simple art used to entrap, or capture or gather, the inhabitants of the water—fish, oysters, shrimps, turtles, crabs, and clams. Often might she be seen with her scant garment tucked above her knee, net in hand, exploring the shallows. The arms, that she fearlessly thrust into the holes of the stone crab, were as red as a boiled lobster. Her vocation forced her to leave her child much alone. But, on her return, she lavished affection upon him bounteously, as much so as ever the stateliest mother in satin or silk, on her lace-enveloped off-spring. At night she taught him a simple prayer, which, reproduced in Punch, would cause general laughter; but which, doubtless, found its way to the ear of the beneficent Creator.

Returning home late one evening, only a few weeks after her great bereavement, from rather an unsuccessful effort to dispose of her fish amid the carts of country-folk collected, to attend the session of the County Court, Jenny discovered on the verge of the forest a man, dead-drunk, lying in the road. She loosened his cravat, and raised his head upon her lap, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Poor fellow," she said to herself, "I saw him to-day with his horse, and cart, surrounded by wife and children, and brethren. They robbed him of his money out of *regard for him*; they drove off his cart out of *love for him*; they were doubtless mortified; but alas, they mistook pride for affection, selfishness for charity. How they bamboozled him! just as I have seen a flock of turkeys turn upon a sick one, when his head drooped, and his feet staggered, and strike him, and pick him with their bills, until he fell. Jesus Christ was so much the friend of 'publicans and sinners' that they called him 'a glutton and a wine-bibber.'" Such, at last, was the substance of Jenny's thoughts, if not the language in which she clad them.—Looking up and seeing the sky, fearfully dark in the West, Jenny said "if he be left here, he will perish." Just then a flash of lightning, like a silver key, seemed about to unlock the flood contained in the bosom of the cloud. A few heavy drops pattered upon the dry leaves, and fell upon her hand. She hesitated no longer, but, lifting the man upon her shoulder, bore him to her cabin.

The next day Jenny being at the village store, to make some little purchase, a crowd of noisy men entered. One of their number said to her,

"Why Jennie, you are as voracious as a jack-fish. I seed you toting your sweetheart home yesterday. When is it to be?"

Silently, but indignantly, she turned her back, and was about to depart. Loudly her tormentor inquired,

"Did he kiss you Jenny?"

Wheeling calmly round, the outraged woman, with one blow of her stalwart arm, laid the brute prostrate at her feet.

Bill, left much to himself met with many accidents, and was often sick. At times he was so deaf, he could scarcely hear the report of a cannon; and his ears were always swollen.—His limbs became distorted by rheumatism, and his face assumed a pale, greenish hue, which increased its resemblance to that of a catfish—a resemblance that had often excited surprise. When he was about 12 years old, a sudden storm, memorable for its fury swept the coast; and his mother, who had ventured to the black-fish ground, a little distance at sea, in her frail barque, perished. How, and what she suffered—will never be known until the deep gives up its dead; and discloses the secrets of its fathomless abysses.

Bill grieved sorely for his loss; but comforted himself by the reflection that it was always thus she expected to die: he had often heard her say, "I have fed upon fish all my life; and some day, the fish will feed upon me.—'Turn about is fair play.'" So, to him, there was nothing particularly dreadful in the manner of her death.

CHAPTER II.

After some years absence, I returned to Alicubi in the summer of 18—. Ushered into a chamber, styled the "prairie," because of its size, I found it filled with gentlemen, some reclining upon beds, some smoking, some drinking juleps, and others chatting. Nervous, and bashful, and greatly distressed by a fire of inquisitive glances, my ablution and toilet were hastily, completed. At the sound of the bell, there was a rush to the dining-room, when tea was served, weak, and faint as a traveller might well be, who had come from a point so distant as China. The wheat-bread, a novelty, made of flour and raisins—neither loaf bread or cake,—I avoided: but managed to make a meal of what the landlady better understood—griddle cakes of meal: these, buttered, with molasses, are decidedly palatable.

After leaving the table, I lighted a cigar, and strutted to the wharf, that I might enjoy the breeze as it came from the bay, with wings cooled by its moisture.

A faint sound as of distant song soon caught my ear. Gradually it grew more and more audible, and soon I could distinguish words, modulated by a clear, sonorous voice. I recognized the soul-stirring "Address of Gen. Quattlebum to the South Carolinians" during the Nullification-troubles, when they expected and intended to crush the force of the Union. It is well known that a compromise, alone, saved the credit of Uncle Sam's troops, and warded off from "Old Hickory" the deepest humiliation. The "Address" had been set to music by a distinguished citizen of Bluffton.

Now, the last syllable of the last word of the refrain, reverberated from the sand hills *bum, bum, bum!*—made it seem as if the aquatic vocalist was aided by that martial accompaniment, a drum. As well as I could gather them, these were the words of the famous ballad:

ADDRESS.

Sound the trumpet! beat the drum!
Tremble all! I come! I come
A tyrant's troops to strike dumb,
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

I am brave, I'm "un *Galliard*,"
I'll shoot, stab, and bombard—
All feeling, and mercy discard
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

We have *Jon*, and good *Steele*—
A *Ball* t'eat them at a meal.
They shall suffer: they shall squeal
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

My net I'll throw, *Rhetticulate*,
Where fell cast is sure as fate:
With the prey our buzzards sate
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

Though our standard be a *Wragg*,
Allstone be and do not *Flagg*
Swear and shout and loudly brag
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

Harry from *Bee* to *Izzard*,
Sound in stomach, tough of gizzard,
Of the State ye are the guard
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

We've *Smiths* to forge our bolts,
Trott up then, you lively colts!
Turn your heels against these dolts,
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

Fight for your *Halls*, fight for *Holmes*
Up, my game-cocks 'rect your combs!
Pile the dead like giant domes
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

You have *Read* how once our *Bill*
And *Savage*, *Twiggs* made British Squall.
We're some per-*Simons*, heroes all,
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

Buckle them, use your *Common* well,
Huger than a mountain, swell,
Quash them, run them into Hell,
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

When the battle shall be won,
Ye shall rest, your duty done,
Warmed all by genial sun
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

We have *Rivers*, stock'd with fish:
We have *Gardens*, very rich;
Stew De Veau on ev'ry dish
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum,

Tenments of ev'ry blessing,
Sweethearts you caressing,
No care shall be, depressing.
"Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

Angels shall descend the skies,
Glorious to mortal eyes,
Your great deeds t'immortalize,
Adsum, Ego," Quattlebum.

The last words of the song still lingered upon the ear, when a plash of an oar indicated the presence of the minstrel. As he stepped ashore I observed that he was a powerful, but awkward man, clad most shabbily. As he turned his face to me I started involuntarily: it was the very incarnation of ugliness; a second look revealed the extraordinary catfish-mouth of the urchin Bill; and I recognized him instantly.

On my return to the *Hotel*-an American name for even the most wretched tavern, or boarding-house—I inquired of a garrulous villager, in a faded suit of snuff-colored brown, the history of Bill. At first, he knew not whom I meant; but, at last, with a low chuckle and sneeze, extending to me at the same time a dirty snuffbox, he exclaimed: "Ah! 'tis *Jerking Bill* you want to know about." I ascertained that Bill had always occupied the paternal cabin; had lived by levying contributions on the water, as his ancestors before him; had trapped rabbits, and terrapins; had gathered wild berries in the woods; and, as the Yankees say, had done "chores" for the villagers, receiving in return broken victuals, and cast-off garments. Attacked often by sickness, the charity of some worthy villagers, had ministered to his wants; but could not save him from the sad effects of disease, that were painfully visible to the gentle, and mirth provoking to the thoughtless. At irregular intervals his head would turn from right to left with abrupt movement; his arms fly out as those of an excited maniac; and, with a rapid and singular cry, he would shout "*Ak-ek-ek-ek-ik suff-off!*" The sounds, I have endeavored to imitate by letters, were always the termination of a paroxysm. He was esteemed good natured; but, generally, regarded as a half-knave and half fool. Some thought knavery predominated in the compound; others folly. He was so fond of talking that, when without a human companion, he would talk by hours to the fish: in this particular he was not very unlike certain distinguished politicians, whose idea of *conversation* is, uninterrupted harangues by themselves. Withal, Bill was superstitious, and moderately, credulous. He was always called *Jerking Bill*. The morning after my arrival hearing what appeared to be a loud and angry dialogue, I descended the steps of the piazza in front of the Hotel. I found Jerking Bill listening like a martyr to the angry rebukes of several gentlemen, who, alternately, "chastised him with the valor of their tongues." On his way home, the evening before, he had sold one and the same bunch of fish to some dozen different persons, and had pocketed as many "quarters." "Bill, you scoundrel! said Smith, what did you do with my fish?" Before the beleagured Bill could reply, another, and another, and another, tormented him with the same difficult query.

Bill, looking up, at last, responded. "When you bought the fish Mr. Smith did not you tell me to *take them home*, and you, and you, too? I took them home, and ate them"

"That won't do Bill. You are a cheat.—You knew better," Jones rejoined.

"How gentlemen could one bunch of fish be divided among so many? it was onpossible: it would not do to let them spile—'twould have been onchristian—so I was obliged to fry 'em," Bill, finally answered, with a ludicrous air of injured innocence. As an angry customer raised his cane to strike, Bill's head began to jerk; and his legs, and arms to move like those of a "dancing Jack." Soon came his peculiar cry "ak! ek! ek! ek! ik! suff! ooff!" Touched with pity, those whom he had defrauded left him unmolested.

(*Concluded next week.*)

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Spring is Here.

BY CHAS. E. W. DOBBS.

The balmy spring-time now is here,
The woodland warblers gaily sing
With sweet notes on the ambient air,
They gladly welcome gentle spring.

Earth robes herself in joy anew
To greet her mild and gracious reign,
And vernal beauties greet our view,
On every hill-top, vale and plain.

Oh! thus, when wintry winds are o'er,
Sweet spring-time rises from his tomb,
So may the saddened sigh no more,
But leave the shrouded realm of gloom.

But gentle spring will soon be gone—
So pilgrims march on to life's doom,—
Yet as the spring once more will dawn,
So man will live beyond the tomb.

PASSIVE VERBS

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said: "A passive is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

From the Petersburg Express.

The Key to Southern Prosperity.

We abhor sectionalism. We love our country, and detest its enemies, whether domestic or foreign. We believe in the Constitution, and revere the laws. We believe that the prosperity of all the States of the Union, separately speaking, constitutes the aggregate of our national wealth and happiness, and that the "general welfare" is best promoted by an efficient development of the resources of the several Commonwealths by their own respective energies. We do not believe in the wisdom of a policy which would practically nullify the gifts of nature in one section, and thereby exalt the position of another and a less gifted section. We do not believe, in other words, in the soundness of the existing system under which the Southern States, whose productions are the nerves, bones and sinews of the commerce of the Republic, play second fiddle to their Northern sisters, who run away with all the profits and monopolize all the benefits of this gigantic Southern delusion.

Why should not the South be mistress of her own resources. Why should she not turn them to *her own* account? Why should she impoverish herself to enrich the North? The broad Atlantic washes her own shores and opens its avenues of foreign commerce just as widely to her as it does to New York or New England It woos her to its embraces and its every murmuring wave that breaks upon her coast whispers into her ears the great secret of her redemption and progress.

The broadest and most beautiful Bay in the world indents the eastern borders of Virginia Such a magnificent sheet of water surely could not have been designed by nature for a commercially *tributary* State. It surely must have been designed for something more than a mere appendage only to be admired by the lovers of Ocean scenery. It connects Virginia with the wide world. Its capes form a gate to commercial grandeur, the very idea of which is enough to stir up all the impulses of pride and enterprise in her people.

A movement has, in the last year or two, been inaugurated, having for its end the deliverance of Virginia from her commercial vassalage to the North. It has received a stimulus from the late invasion of her soil by a gang of Northern fanatics and desperadoes who have righteously expiated their crime upon the gallows Before the indignation excited by this vile expedition has subsided, we have an appeal made to us in the most impressive of all ways in behalf of the encouragement of a direct foreign trade which, if properly responded to by our merchants, will like the "tide taken at the flood, lead on to fortune." The opportunity is now actually presented for showing our faith by our works in this important matter of Direct Trade, for which we have been manifesting of late such an enthusiastic zeal. A ship freighted with foreign goods and wares suitable for our markets has arrived at our doors and is avowedly a pioneer to prepare the way for others. The result of this experiment will be the solution of the vital proposition involved in it.

In the mean time, we submit to consideration the opinions of a leading southern press far beyond the limits of Virginia, upon the subject of this French merchantman that has just anchored in our waters. We insert the following from the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*.

DIRECT TRADE FOR THE SOUTH.

We notice the arrival at Norfolk, Virginia, of the ship *Lone Star*, direct from Bordeaux, France, with an assorted cargo of wines, brandies and manufactured articles of different kinds from the workshops of France and the Continent of Europe. The cargo, the Norfolk papers say, is eagerly sought after by merchants and private citizens, and will be quickly disposed of. And the ship, after taking in a return load of the agricultural productions of Virginia, will set sail for France again, and ply regularly afterward between the two ports of Bordeaux and Norfolk.

This is an enterprise set on foot by an intelligent French gentleman, M. Lacouture—who, after a residence of several years in Virginia, and a thorough examination of the agricultural and commercial capacities of that State, was astonished—as well he might have been—that the foreign commerce of Virginia was conducted through New York and other Northern cities, instead of directly from and to her waters. M. Lacouture saw a great Commonwealth, producing abundantly of breadstuffs, tobacco and other things in request on the other side of the Atlantic, and consuming largely of the special productions of his native land, without any direct commerce worthy of the name; but paying annual tribute, alike on its import and export trade, to the commercial cities of the North. He saw the eastern border of Virginia flanked by Chesapeake Bay, the most magnificent harbor in the world, and he asked himself the question why Virginia could not successfully carry on a foreign trade of her own! He not only asked the question, but he has answered it—answered it practically and gloriously—answered it in a way that should be a reproach to Virginia for her own laggard action in an enterprise of such grand and beneficent consequences. Returning to France, M. Lacouture, by his own efforts, freighted the vessel whose arrival has just been chronicled at Norfolk, and dispatched her across the ocean. We trust the enterprise may prove as profitable as it is praiseworthy and commendable.

What M. Lacouture has done for the establishment of direct trade between Europe and the South, may be also done by the people of other States of the South that lie upon the Seaboard. The foreign commerce of New Orleans, it is well known, is increasing with steady progression. So also of Mobile and Charleston. But the leading commercial cities of the South from Norfolk to Galveston, should not be content until they are entirely released from all dependence upon Northern cities, and are able to conduct their foreign commerce, both as to imports and exports, exclusively for themselves.

This is a question involving not merely the commercial, but also the political interests of the South. It is not a question of dollars only. It would be a grand end gained, it is true, to save to the South the heavy amounts which we annually pay Northern factors and importers but it would be a still grander object to show to the fanatics of the North that we are in no respect dependent upon that section of the Union. That which constitutes the wealth of the country—that which enables us to pay for four hundred millions of imports from abroad every year—is mainly the cotton which is the exclusive product of the Southern States. If we exported this cotton direct—as we are glad to say we are beginning now to do—and if we brought back immediately to our own waters, the articles of foreign growth and manufacture which we use, it would require but a few years to convince the North how really independent we are, and to silence the fell spirit of fanaticism and sectional hostility. The South will never achieve her true destiny, political or commercial, as long as New York and Boston and Philadelphia import three fourths of our consumption of foreign articles. But we are beginning to appreciate our resources and our true position, and the dawn of a brighter day for the South is already visible

Colportage in North Carolina.

Since the first of March I have been greatly blessed of God in my humble efforts to spread gospel light among the poor and perishing During the quarter I labored in sixteen counties made 483 religious family visits; found 109 families neglecting evangelical preaching, 97, destitute of all religious books, 28 who never owned a Bible, and 202 who never had a religious visit and prayer at their houses before. I have also aided in holding 31 public meetings. Ministers of different denominations have opened my way both publicly and privately.

I have visited and labored with several of our Colporteurs on their fields, where I have seen and heard much of the fruits of their daily labors from house to house. One family seemed not even to care for religious books, but desired to buy novels. The Colporteur exhibited his books, and sold "Persuasives to Early Piety" to this family, which was the means of the conversion of a grown son and daughter, who have since been active in getting their associates to buy and read this excellent book, instead of throwing away their time and souls by novels.

In another county the Colporteur found 70 families in one section who never had a religious visit before. After catechising and encouraging them at their homes by several visits, he got them to unite in a Sabbath School and prayer meeting, in which there is deep interest. A wealthy gentleman told me that he spent a day riding through this neighborhood to satisfy himself as to the effect of Colportage, which resulted in impressing him that it was the best system for effectually reaching all classes and conditions, because it united the social influence with the power of God's truth at the fireside, on the strong ground, simply, of Christian love free of sectarianism. This gentleman says that he shall feel it to be both a duty and privilege to support a Colporteur annually, even if he knew it would do no other good than to improve society for safety and happiness here

In another county the Colporteur visited a similar neighborhood which also resulted in the formation of a Sabbath School, under a board shelter in the woods, where parents and children are being taught the alphabet, to spell and read I met with some of the pious, intelligent friends who go six or eight miles to aid in teaching this school. This Colporteur has found whole families entirely neglecting church and school, with no books at all, having children fourteen years old who never heard a sermon. Reliable persons in this county told me that it was six or eight miles to the nearest place of preaching, and they, though members of the church, had not been able to hear a sermon in two years, and that some of their neighbors had not heard a sermon in more than twenty years. The many intelligent and pious of that county are heartily co-operating with our Colporteur by their personal efforts and liberal donations in supplying the wants.

In another county, a minister says he went with our Colporteur a week through a swampy section where it was thought to be dangerous to go, and because of the poverty they could scarcely get necessary food for themselves and horses while visiting them. Suitable books and instruction, with prayer, were given at every house. Since that week's labor they have continued to improve, and for a year or two they have had four Sunday Schools; and this minister has just ordered of the Colporteur $30 worth of books to replenish these schools. In a recent letter the minister says: "Of the many converted in these schools there are three men now superintendents holding prayer meetings, visiting and praying with their neighbors at their homes, who, when he and the Colporteur first visited them, were drunkards and great disturbers of the neighborhood.

During the quarter I have visited, or been informed of 78 Sabbath Schools which are believed to have resulted, more or less, from our Colporteur labors in the families.

A few Sabbaths ago I walked eight miles to visit one of these Sabbath Schools, now numbering abot 90 scholars, and such interest good order and improvement I have seldom before seen; and I have never before seen happier faces than after I there scattered the "Child's Paper" among them—the first religious paper some of them ever owned, and this they owned by a donation from a pious lady, who has since more than doubled her donation to make other young hearts glad. I trust that others will follow her example in sending to needy children this beautiful and instructive little paper—10 copies a year for one doller.

I have also heard of 142 persons hopefully converted by God's blessing upon printed truth and personal religious conversation. Two persons told me that the tract, "Ye Must Be Born Again," by Rev. Dr. Cutler, had been made a great blessing to their souls. An active, christan gentleman, writing for tracts to give to persons calling at his office, and especially to seamen, says, "Send me a good supply of the tract "Come to Jesus.' I know it has done and will do much good' We have a valuable member in our church now, (a sea Captain), who dates his return to God from reading this tract, which I got from the Colporteur and gave him when bound on a foreign voyage." God is greatly blessing the efforts of female tract distributers in different sections of the State. An infidel was recently led to Christ by a tract thus given.

This work, which we are doing in about sixty counties in North Carolina, is supported by donations, and it is cheering to see the increased liberality of friends in supporting and extending this work. Bertie county is doing a noble part in donations and personal efforts: I shall never forget the warm christian hearts I there met, and also at Plymouth. I have never been more encouraged than by my recent visit to Fayetteville. The friends there gave over $100 more than any previous year. Let each one give something. "God loveth a cheerful giver." Yours, truly,

W. J. W. CROWDER, Gen. Agt.
Am. Tr. Society.

Raleigh, June 1860.

Condition of Southern Slaves.

An intelligent gentleman from the North has been spending some time at the South. He gives a chapter of facts, of things as they seemed actually to exist, from which we make the following extract. We ask that it may be attentively read:

Northern agitation is sustained by sympathy for the Southern slave. As to what *stirs up* that agitation, there are different opinions. My lesson in coming South is that Abolitionism is thrown away. Every Northerner, when he is set down in a slave State, begins to look about for the "miserables;" but he can find none. When I first got over the line into Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia, I thought the mildness or the apparent absence of slavery there was owing to their proximity to the free States. But in the extreme South I find everything the same—indeed, there is a singular sameness in the system everywhere. It seems more like a spontaneous and natural growth, independent of statutes and conventionalisms. The regard of the white for the negro, and his treatment of him, is about the same everywhere; and the demeanor of the black toward the white, in every State, is as uniform as though they had all been educated so in one school.

All the remarks I make on this subject will be general, and not partial. I do not say that the present system of slavery here is a natural state of the negro, or that I think it permanent The slavery here, however, need hardly be called slavery. There is just about legal restraint enough upon the black race to keep them together, protect them, and to keep them industrious enough for their own good. You will nowhere here see any positively inflicted injuries upon the slave. He has not much stimulus for ambition—but he is happy, and has ten times more privileges than he avails himself of. Sadness upon the face of a negro is a very rare picture, but it is frequently engraven deeply upon the master's face.

The responsibility of the health, life, good order and respectability of many of the negroes upon the master, is no mean one, and many are the fortunes ruined and households broken up by too lax government and too much sympathy on the part of masters. Law, public opinion and individual sympathy, all hold the slaveholder rigidly responsible for the good treatment of his slaves. "The man who treats his niggers badly," is the most shunned; and the most disgraceful of all epithets is this one applied to him. Nothing hurts an owner so much as to separate his negroes; they are not fully and practically considered transferable stock. Northerners cannot understand the peculiar jealousy, sensitiveness and tenacity with which slaveholders grip to this kind of property. When one is taken ill, he is waited upon by the doctor in preference to any of the owner's family. The negroes are aware of this regard for their person, and they enjoy it. Nothing will so quickly arouse an owner's bloody passions as the abuse of his negro by another man. When a negro complains to his master of abuse, the latter feels it as incumbent upon him to demand satisfaction as though his personal honor was impeached. There are three things for which a Southerner will draw his knife: call him a liar, insult a female, and abuse his nigger.

About whipping. I had not heard a blow struck since I have been at the South, until forty-eight hours ago, by the keeper of this hotel, a man formerly of Jefferson county, N. Y Whipping is an institution here, but, of course, resorted to with reluctance, and considered by both master and slave in about the same light as boss and laborer at the North consider "docking" wages for misdemeanors. The guaranty for the safety of the black man at the South is that endemic good nature and sympathy of the Southern heart. It may sometimes be passionate, but not willingly cruel. The Southerner is himself independent, and he is magnanimous enough to regard the individual rights of others, black and white. The negro has rights here that the white dare not overstep, and they are very sensitive as to those rights. The Southerner has more respect for a negro under the principle of slavery than the Northerner. When the Northerner gets down here he begins to trifle with the negro, and regards him with a cold, disrespectful, unsympathising feeling (the same as free negroes are treated at the North) I nearly forgot a recent occurrence near here, which illustrates the regard between master and servant. Col. Bond, of Georgia, a millionaire, a gentleman of the highest social refinement and position and one of the leading men of the State, lost his life simply in retaliation upon a man for abusing his negro.

The negro have many perquisites amounting to luxuries. They go to church Sabbaths, sometimes in new silks. They are always provided with a place for worship, and often white people of the highest respectability mingle devoutly with them at the foot of the altar. No longer ago than yesterday I saw the tears of black and white mingle at church, and the endearing address to them of "my dear brethren and sisters," came from the lips of a refined white minister. This scene forcibly impressed me that the black man has not many truer friends than the Southern master. I have seen enough to come to this declaration—*that the Southern States of America are the natural paradise of the negro.*

Guilford County Educational Association.

On Saturday morning, June 2d, 1860, in accordance with a notice given at the examination of teachers, on the previous Saturday, a number of the teachers of Guilford county met, in the room of the court-house used by the Examining Committee, for the purpose of re-organizing the County Association.

On motion of J. D. Campbell, Nathan Hiatt, the County Chairman, was called to the chair.

Rev C. H. Wiley, Gen. Sup of Com. Schools, in a short address, stated the object of the meeting and pointed out the great advantages of such associations.

A draft of a constitution was presented, which, after a slight amendment, was unanimously adopted and signed by all who were present.

The following officers were then elected, to serve until the first regular meeting of next year. Viz. NATHAN HIATT, *President*: ROBT. M. BARTLEY, C. C. COLE and N. W. SAPP, *Vice Presidents*; J. D. CAMPBELL, *Secretary* and *Treasurer*.

A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. C. C. Cole, J. H. Thacker, and Robt. M Bartley, to prepare By-laws and report to the next meeting of the Association.

Messrs. J. D. Campbell, E. P. Horney and C. C. Cole were appointed to provide for a lecture, and select a question for discussion at our next meeting; and were directed to give notice of their action in the next No. of the *Journal*, and in the Greensboro papers.

The constitution fixes the regular meetings of the Association on the "Saturday of the week following each quarter session of our county court" This is the Saturday after each regular examination of teachers and can therefore be easily remembered by all the teachers of the county.

After the business of the Association was concluded, the grades, of those examined the previous week, were read and their certificates delivered.

The Association then adjourned, to meet at the regular time.

J. D. CAMPBELL, *Sec'y*.

The Crops.

IN VIRGINIA.

The wheat crop is represented by the Virginia press as exceedingly unfavorable in the state. The report comes from Warren county, Rockingham county, Wythe, Mecklenburg and others, all in the language of the Lynchburg Virginian and Farmville Journal:

We continue to hear, says the Lynchburg Virginian, the most discouraging accounts of the growing wheat. A gentleman from Amherst yesterday, told us he had that day observed a field on one of the best farms in the county, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have brought from twenty five to thirty bushels of wheat, which he feels assured will not now yield one bushel. The joint-worm has never before committed such ravages in this section of the State.

Every report that reaches us confirms the statement made in our last issue in regard to the unfavorable prospect for a crop of wheat in this section. And our own observation, though limited, has prepared us to credit all such reports During a short ride in the country a few evenings since we saw a portion of three crops, and we must confess we never saw as indifferent looking wheat before. In some places we think it will not yield a peck to the acre, while none of it can possibly turn out more than half a crop. The fly and the joint-worm have done their work of destruction effectually, and the crop in this region, is a woful failure.—*Farmville Journal, May 31st.*

IN KENTUCKY.

Throughout Kentucky the complaint is almost universal of destruction of the wheat crop by the fly. Fields that were full of promise a few weeks since, will, from appearance, produce scarcely two bushels to the acre.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In this state we hear of no very serious complaint, except in a few instances from the effects of severe hail storms. The recent-continued rains have produced a slight rust, which however, we believe, has not yet become very threatening.

DESTRUCTION OF A TOWN—APPALLING SCENES.

The Western papers bring the particulars of the destruction of the late town of Camanche, in Illinois, by the terrific tornado on the 4th inst. A correspondent of the Chicago Press, who visited the spot, says:

The tornado struck the town a little past 7 o'clock, and in less than ten minutes the whole was in ruins. After it had passed, the town was all afloat with water; all that could, began to run from place to place screaming at the top of their voices, calling for friends and for children. In every pile of rubbish, and from every demolished house, the groans of the dying and wounded were heard, and as the sound came from every part of the town, no one knew where to go first. The darkness occasioned by the black clouds, the air being filled with rubbish of every conceivable character, and the near approach of night, rendered the scene still more appalling, and such a wail of lamentation sorrow and woe, never went up from any place in the history of tornadoes, as did from this ruined and destroyed city. Nothing could be found to bind up the wounds of the suffering, no medicines were to be got, and the wails of the mother over her dead children, the anguish of a wife over the lifeless remains of a husband, the father over his slaughtered children, hunting in vain for his wife—all these were scenes that cannot possibly be described.

In one family all that was left were three little girls, the father and mother and two children having been instantly killed. We saw where a fence board had been forced clear through the side of a house, end ways, and hundreds of shingles had forced themselves clear through the lap boards of a house.

We visited the grave-yard, and saw twenty-eight graves side and side, all dug, waiting to receive the rough boxes containing the remains of the slaughtered people. The whole atmosphere around the town is sickening, and a stench is pervading the whole path of the storm that is almost impossible to endure. The loss of property is immense, and can never be known to its full extent. Three of the men on the raft have made their appearance. They state that they were blown from the raft clear on to the Illinois shore beyond Albany, and for a long time were unable to move or stir, but after recovering from the shock succeeded in crawling to a house where they were kindly cared for. They know nothing of the rest of their comrades, not having seen them since they were on the raft together. In this vicinity, near Sterling, the wounded are dying almost every day, and every farm-house is a hospital for the dying and wounded.

Horses and cattle are lying in every direction, killed from the effects of the storm. The buildings look as though they had all been torn in small fragments, scattered over the whole country, and feathers, from the bedclothes line the ground, and then all had been over-swept with rushing waters We went into one building where were fifteen bodies, some mangled in the most frightful manner, and only wrapped up in a sheet and put into a rough box, ready for burial.

From Sunday evening to Monday noon, one physician had visited ninety-one wounded, and set twenty three broken limbs. We saw twenty-eight dead bodies, and there were eighty-two that require strict medical attendance, and as many more that are more or less hurt, yet are able to be around. In addition to this number, twenty-eight were swept from a raft in the river that was passing at the time, and ten are yet missing from the town, that are supposed to be buried in the ruins, or are blown into the river and drowned. With the exception of half a dozen houses on the north side of the town, every single building is either torn down, unroofed, or otherwise damaged.

A worse sight no human eye ever beheld, and the heart grows sick in seeing such a destruction of life and property The town is entirely ruined, and we do not see how it can ever be rebuilt. There are whole blocks of lots that are vacant entirely, with nothing but the cellar to indicate that a house ever stood there. We saw a part of a wagon, consisting of the forward and one hub, and no more of it could be found. Out of the contents of three dry goods stores, not one cent's worth of the goods have ever been found.

A HORRIBLE DUEL IN GEORGIA.

A terrible duel was fought near Savannah on Wednesday last, between L. A. Nelms, Esq., and Dr. W. B. Holmes. The weapons used were fowling pieces charged with buckshot; distance forty paces. At the first fire Mr. Nelms received four shots, one in the thigh, a second in the hip, a third in the arm, and a fourth in the shoulder. The wounds were not dangerous. Mr. N. was a member of the minority of the late delegation to Charleston, and the difficulty is understood to have grown out of the effigy affair, in Burke, soon after the adjournment of the Convention.

Times' Correspondence.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 5.

The Southern line of steamships; its great importance to the prosperity of our section—Superior advantages of the Boston market—Trip sea—Preventive of sea-sickness—Excitement in the metropolis—Political movements commencing.

DEAR TIMES:—Again we have the pleasure of writing you from this dear, familiar spot, around which as we imprint it on the paper, cluster a charming collection of our dearest memories. We had a delightful trip from Boston to Norfolk in the splendid steamer, "S. R. Spaulding." This boat is one of a line owned principally in Baltimore by a very wealthy association of capitalists, who are working energetically to establish close connections between Boston and her sister cities of the South, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, Charleston and New Orleans. The three first named are already in weekly communication and boats are now being built to bring the two last into the magic circle of commercial sympathy. The enterprise, undertaken under such auspices as it is, deserves the warmest support of our fellow citizens, not only of this State but of the entire South; affording as it does the easiest access for them and their products to one of the most agreeable cities and the most profitable markets of the Union. In the article of cotton, especially, being the entrepot of most of the New England factories, we claim a well deserved preeminence, arising from the facts of the earliest reception of the European news and also from that of affording the large manufacturers the best facilities of supplying themselves with precisely the amount and staple they wish. In general our market ranges from ¼@½c. ℔ lb over new York, and even more for the first grades, while the expenses of sales and freights are no greater. This line is making an effort to induce the railroads of our State, and also of our neighbors, to lower their rates of freight, so as to attract a large proportion of our products to the Boston market and we are sure that shippers to that port, exercising ordinary care and attention, would find no cause of complaint. The rates for cotton from Norfolk to Boston vary from $1.25@1 50 ℔ bale, flour 25@30c. ℔ bbl.

But we have not yet told you much about our trip. We had a large number of lady passengers and children and a good sprinkling of the sterner sex, and immediately after reaching blue water many "faces began to gather blackness" and to wear an anxious and troubled expression. Soon after meal their numbers began to diminish and the full complement no more appeared at table until the tossing waves subsided in Hampton Roads. For our part we early betook ourselves to a comfortable berth, taking an occasional peep at the roaring waste around us, made up our mind philosophically to go to sleep as soon as possible, and so very comfortably, we at least, managed to spend the eight and forty hours, which ended in our arrival at "the haven where we would be." It is very true that "table comforts" were not much in demand, but then we were very kindly waited on by the steward, and suffered much less than we could reasonably have expected and less than would have been our lot in a stage coach. We believe that in all cases of sea-sickness the seat of the disagreeable sensation is the brain which receives its impressions through the eye, whence it is communicated by the nerves to the stomach; the disturbing motions prevailing before and around us are thus sympathetically transferred to this organ; hence by resolutely closing the eyes and abstracting the senses as much as possible from external objects by sleep or otherwise, most of the disagreeable concomitants of a sea voyage may generally be avoided. We must not close without stating that the fare from port to port is $12, and there are no extra charges.

We reached here in time to take part in the reception of the "Piney Woods Cavalry" by their brethren in arms, the "Oak City Guards." Some ten days since the former gallant corps invited their city friends to meet them at Auburn, and a grand jollification was the consequence. The return compliment was paid on Friday last, and it has been a long time since the good city was in such a turmoil of excitement. Among the prominent items in the history of the day, we must mention the reception speech by Judge Badger, a neat collation by ex-captain Tucker, the dinner at the fair-ground, the hospitable entertainment by the Governor, and the various witty and pointed speeches made by captains High and Faribault and Messrs. Barranger, Holden, and many others. Many members of the Cavalry corps were formerly enrolled in the ranks of the O. C. G., and the two companies are still so united in feeling, so much actuated by one sentiment of patriotism that in many points of view they may be regarded as a single body. We hope ever that, like Lochiel's devoted band, it may soon be said of them:

"Their swords are a thousand, their hearts are as one."

The political cauldron is rapidly bubbling up to boiling point in our city, and after the adjournment of the Baltimore and Richmond conventions we suppose the excitement will be sufficiently intense to satisfy the most ardent requirements of Fire-eaters, Democrats, Republicans, and Union men. We regard the present calm state of the public mind as indicative rather of a healthful repose than a morbid apathy, and sincerely hope that before the Presidential election the disturbing elements may be quieted down, the darkest clouds may be cleared away, and that the bright rays sent down upon us by our polar star of liberty may enlighten and direct our erring steps towards "fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage." Every man, however humble, now has it in his power to be a hero, to do something for his country, and looking beyond the narrow behests of party to do a patriot's duty in driving back the foul mouthed hosts who assail our honor, our native soil, and our thrice hallowed Union.

Yours, P. S. S.

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

The Neapolitan Government, in a dispatch received at Turin, holds the Sardinian Government responsible for the operations of Garibaldi in Sicily. The receipt of this dispatch had given rise to a report that the diplomatic relations between Sardinia and Naples had been suspended.

A popular demonstration in support of Garibaldi and the Sicilian movement was held at St. Martin's Hall, London, on the 22d. The hall was crowded and great excitement prevailed.

The Arabia brings intelligence of the death of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament in London, at the age of sixty five. He was born in May, 1795, apprenticed as an architect in London, and upon attaining his majority spent several years in travel upon the Continent. In 1834 the old Houses of Parliament were burnt down and the Government made liberal offers for designs. That of Mr. Barry was deemed the best, and the work was commenced in 1840, claiming the constant attention of the distinguished architect. Some two millions of pounds have been expended upon it, and it is now very nearly completed. In 1852 the Queen opened the Victoria Tower and Royal Gallery in state, and at the same time conferred the honor of knighthood on Mr. Barry, thenceforward Sir Charles Barry. His name, indeed, is chiefly known from his connexion with this colossal undertaking.

China is firm, and will fight—so says the last news—wherent the French and English fall to sending out more ships and more soldiers, and tea goes up a penny a pound.

It is predicted that the war will be long, desultory and unproductive. The defeat of the British flotilla last year has elated the Chinese beyond measure, and they have made extraordinary preparations for the coming contest. The vastness of the population, even if it offered no resistance, would render an armed occupancy of the country almost as impracticable as the occupancy of the Pacific. Nothing would belong to the invaders but such waves of this great ocean of humanity as might be just under their heels. To blockade a few ports and hold some important towns, will be all that can be accomplished. The idea of going to war seriously with this enormous and absurd mass of humanity, is beneath the dignity of England and France. It will be as troublesome as pig driving, with one drover to a thousand swine.

SICILY.

The island of Sicily, which the adventurous and chivalric Garibaldi has recently invaded, covers an area of 10,544 square miles, and has a population of nearly three millions. The strength of the army is 160,000, who are said to be brave and disciplined troops. The island is divided into seven provinces, each of which is ruled directly by an Intendente, appointed by the King, whose powers are coordinate with those usually exercised by the Governors of our States. All other modes of minor government common to our system are common in Sicily. Over all the principal governments is a Council, appointed by the King, composed of eight members. The taxes are proportionally less in the Kingdom of the two Sicilies than in any country in Continental Europe; remarkably small, when compared with those of Sardinia.

GARIBALDI.

The latest telegram from the city of Palermo, dated May 23d, P. M., announces that Garibaldi's troops were still in position near there; that 20,000 insurgents occupied the heights which commanded the town, and that an attack was momentarily expected.

Another dispatch, received at Turin, dated Palermo, the 24th, says that Garibaldi had approached near to the heights, which were in the hands of the insurgents, and an attack was imminent.

Gen. Larra, who commanded the Neapolitan troops, had demanded an armistice of Garibaldi.

FROM MEXICO.

Advices from Vera Cruz to the 30th ult, report that Jecker & Co., bankers, of the city of Mexico, had failed for a large amount, said to be upwards of four millions of dollars. Relations with the Miramon government had been suspended by the diplomatic corps. Miramon is reported to be near Queretaro, where he is surrounded by Uraga with a large body of soldiers. Mr. McLane was ill and intended to return home in case of the non ratification of the treaty.

COTTON IN UTAH.

The Mormons are turning their attention to the culture of cotton, and in Washington county, 300 miles south of Salt Lake City, about five tons were raised the past year. One person raised two hundred pounds of ginned cotton on one fourth of an acre, and it is stated that enterprising citizens are sending to the States for cotton gins, to work up the cotton so as to bring it in to market.

Political News.

Hon. Edward Everett's Letter of Acceptance.

The reply of Hon. Ed. Everett to the letter of Washington Hunt, informing him of his nomination by the Union Convention at Baltimore, is published. In his reply, he accepts the nomination, at the same time, expressing his regret that, by the act, he shall have to retire from any further labors in behalf of Mt. Vernon. He had intended to visit the States on the Mississippi and Gulf; confessed he finds it hard to withdraw "from that field of congenial labor to tread the thorny and thankless path of politics." The angry state of feeling in the country, and the necessity for the revival of the kindly feeling which once existed between the North and South, are a sufficient excuse to warrant his sacrificing his own inclinations. He says:

These considerations, and others of a still more personal nature, have necessarily occasioned me to reflect long and anxiously before accepting the nomination with which the Union Convention has honored me. In yielding at length to the earnest solicitations which have been addressed to me, from the most respectable sources in almost every part of the Union, I make a painful sacrifice of inclination to what I am led to believe a public duty. It has been urged upon me, and I cannot deny that such is my own feeling, that we have fallen upon times which call upon all good citizens, at whatever cost of personal convenience, to contribute their share, however humble, to the public service

I suppose it to be the almost universal impression—it is certainly mine—that the existing state of affairs is extremely critical. Our political controversies have substantially assumed an almost purely sectional character—that of a fearful struggle between the North and the South. It would not be difficult to show at length the perilous nature and tendency of this struggle, but I can only say, on this occasion, that in my opinion, it cannot be much longer kept up, without rending the Union. I do not mean that either of the great parties in the country desires or aims at a separation of the States as a final object, although there are extremists in considerable numbers who have that object in view.

While a potent and a baleful influence is exercised by men of this class, in both sections of the Union, a portion of the conservative masses are insensibly and gradually goaded into concurrence with opinions and sentiments with which, in the outset, they had no sympathy. Meantime, almost wholly neglecting the main public interests, our political controversies turn more and more on questions, in reference to which, as abstract formulæ, the great sections of the country differ irreconcilably, though there is nothing practically important at stake, which requires the discussion to be kept up. These controversies are carried on with steadily increasing bitterness and exasperation. The passions thus kindled, have already led to acts of violence and bloodshed, approaching to civil war in the Territories and attempted servile insurrection in the States.

The great religious and philanthropic associations of the country are sundered, and the kindly social relations of North and South seriously impaired. The national House of Representatives, hovering on the verge of anarchy, requires weeks to effect the organization, which ought to be the work of an hour, and it holds its sessions, (many of its members, I am told, armed with concealed weapons,) on the crust of a volcano. The candidates for the Presidency representing respectively the dominant sectional ideas will, at the ensuing election, in all probability, be supported by a purely geographical vote. In other words, we are already brought to a pass, at which North and South cannot and will not co operate in the periodical reorganization of the Government.

Can such a state of things long continue, especially with the ever-present risk of new causes of exasperation? I own that it seems to me impossible, unless some healing course is adopted, that the catastrophe, which the mass of good citizens so much deprecate, should be much longer delayed. A spirit of patriotic moderation must be called into action throughout the Union, or it will assuredly be broken up. Unless the warfare of inflammatory speeches and incendiary publications is abandoned, and good citizens, as in 1776 and 1787, North and South, will agree to deal with the same elements of discord (for they existed then as now) as our fathers dealt with them, we shall but for a very few years longer be even nominally brethren of one family. The suggestion that the Union can be maintained by the numerical predominance and military prowess of one section, exerted to coerce the other into submission, is, in my judgment, as self-contradictory as it is dangerous. It comes loaded with the death smell from fields wet with brothers' blood. If the vital principle of all republican governments is "the consent of the governed," much more does a union of co-equal sovereign States require, as its basis, the harmony of its members and their voluntary co-operation in its organic functions.

Believing, for these reasons, that healing counsels must be listened to, if we are much longer to remain one people, I regard the late National Union Convention as a movement in the right direction. I could wish that it had been earlier assembled; with less exclusive reference to official nominations, and with a more comprehensive representation, if possible, of the conflicting opinions of the country. On general principles and in ordinary times I admit that third parties are objectionable, but in the existing state of affairs, if there is to be any escape from the present ill omened conflict, it would seem that a commencement must be made with such a meeting as that of the 9th and 10th at Baltimore. It was a fair representation of the conservative opinion of the country, and the calmness, gravity and good feeling with which its proceedings were conducted, cannot be too highly praised.

In adopting as its platform the Constitution, without note or comment, the Convention, as it seems to me, pursued a wise and patriotic course. No other course was thought of in the earlier days of the Republic. Electioneering platforms are almost without exception equivocal and delusive. It is objected that men differ as to the meaning of the fundamental law; but they differ not less as to any gloss or commentary. The Constitution, in its fair and natural interpretation, is the only basis on which good citizens in every part of the country can now unite; and any attempt to go further will usually have no other effect than to cause those who agree on great practical principles to differ on metaphysical subtleties, or to bring together, by artfully constructed phrases and from selfish motives, those who have nothing else in common.

The candidate for the Presidency, presented by the Union Convention, is every way worthy of confidence and support. I speak from personal knowledge and long association with him in the public service. His distinguished talent, large experience in public affairs, proved integrity, and sterling patriotism, furnish the amplest pledge for an honest and efficient administration of the government at home and abroad. A citizen of the South, and loyal to her constitutional rights, his impartial and conciliatory course as a public man affords a ground on which he can be supported in either section of the country, without dereliction of principle, and by men of all parties, without a painful sacrifice of former preferences.

Deeply regretting that the Convention has not put it in my power to pay an equally cordial and emphatic tribute to some worthy candidate for the Vice Presidency, but feeling it a duty to give the desired proof of sympathy with its patriotic efforts to restore the happy days of brotherly concord between the different sections of our beloved country,

I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

ACCEPTANCE OF HON. JOHN BELL.

Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, has written a letter to Ex Governor Washington Hunt, accepting the nomination of the Baltimore Convention. In it he says:

Whatever may be the issue of the ensuing canvass, as for myself, I shall ever regard it as a proud distinction—one worth a life long effort to attain—to be pronounced worthy to receive the highest office in the Government at such a time as the present, and by such a Convention as that which recently met in Baltimore—a Convention far less imposing by the number of its members, large as it was, than by their high character. In it were men venerable alike for their age and their public services, who could not have been called from their voluntary retirement from public life but by the strongest sense of patriotic duty; others, though still in the prime of life, ranking with the first men of the country by honors and distinctions already acquired in high official positions, State and national; many of them statesmen worthy to fill the highest office in the Government; a still greater number occupying the highest rank in their respective professional pursuits; others distinguished by their intelligence and well-earned influence in various walks of private life, and all animated and united by one spirit and one purpose—the result of a strong conviction that our political system, under the operation of a complication of disorders, is rapidly approaching a crisis when a speedy change must take place, indicating, as in diseases of the physical body, recovery or death.

The Convention, in discarding the use of platforms, exacts no pledges from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trusts under the Government; wisely considering that the surest guarantee of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to the great interests of the country, in any official station to which he may be chosen, is to be found in his past history connected with the public service. The pledge implied in any acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention is, that should I be elected I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my past course; and the obligation to keep this pledge derives a double force from the consideration that none is required from me.

You, sir, in your letter containing the official announcement of my nomination, have been pleased to ascribe to me the merit of moderation and justice in my past public career. You have likewise given me credit for a uniform support of all wise and beneficent measures of legislation, for the firm resistance to all measures calculated to engender sectional discord and for a life long devotion to the union, harmony and prosperity of these States. Whether your personal partiality has led you to overstate my merits as a public man or not in your enumeration of them, you have presented a summary—a basis of all sound American statesmanship. It may be objected that nothing is said in this summary, in express terms, of the obligations imposed by the Constitution; but the duty to respect and observe them is clearly implied; for without due observance in the conduct of the Government, of the Constitution, its restrictions and requirements, fairly interpreted in accordance with its spirit and objects, there can be no end to sectional discord—no security for the harmony of the Union.

I have not the vanity to assume that in past connection with the public service I have exemplified the course of a sound American statesman; but if I have deserved the favorable view taken of in your letter, I may hope, by a faithful adherence to the maxims by which I have heretofore been guided, not altogether to disappoint the confidence and expectations of those who have placed me in my present relation to the public; and if, under Providence, I should be called to preside over the affairs of this great country as the executive chief of the government, the only further pledge I feel called upon to make is, that to the utmost of my ability, and with whatever strength of will I can command, all the powers and influence belonging to my official station shall be employed and directed for the promotion of all the great objects for which the government was instituted, but more especially for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union against all opposing influences and tendencies.

I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my high gratification at the nomination to the second office under the government of that eminently gifted and distinguished statesman of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, a gentleman held by general consent to be altogether worthy of the first.

MR. FILLMORE

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser in correcting the statement that Mr. Fillmore was going for the Chicago nominations, says:

We are authorized and requested by Mr. Fillmore to say that there is no truth in the report whatever. So far as we know Mr. Fillmore's sentiments, they remain the same as they were in 1856. He has ceased to be a public man, but not to feel a deep interest in the welfare of the Republic, and he deprecates all sectional parties as dangerous to the welfare and peace of the country. In that category he includes the Republican organization. We do not. If he has any preferences, we doubt not that they are directly for Bell and Everett.

This sets Mr. Fillmore once more right before the country, and puts the question to rest.

MEXICAN TREATY.

The Senate has rejected the treaty with Mexico.

THE AFRICANS IN CONGRESS.

On the 5th inst., in the House, the Senate bill, providing for the return of the recaptured Africans, was passed after being so amended as to make the appropriation $250,000.

During the debate on the bill, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, advocated allowing the Africans to return or remain at their pleasure.

Mr. Taylor advocated a joint convention between the United States and Great Britain for the return of Africans who may be captured.

Mr. Pryor, of Va., denied the constitutionality of an appropriation to send Africans back. He thought Congress has power to suppress the slave trade, but not to send back Africans to Africa. He would place them to the condition of quasi slaves or apprentices.

Mr. Millson, of Va., earnestly opposed this plan, and argued that to send them back was humane and judicious—nothing else can be done with them.

The bill passed—ayes 121, nays 56.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

The letters of Abraham Lincoln and Hon. H. Hamlin, accepting the nomination of the Chicago Convention, are published.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The House of Representatives on Tuesday, passed a bill to amend an act entitled "An act in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade," by a vote of 132 to 56. The bill authorizes the President to make contracts for receiving upon the coast of Africa, all negroes or persons of color taken from vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade by commanders of United States vessels, and to provide for their support for one year after their being landed on the coast of Africa, at a price not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars for each person clothed, sheltered and fed. The second section authorizes the direct delivery of captured Africans on the coast, to the contractors, and to bring the vessels and persons engaged in the trade to the United States for trial. The third section appropriates $250,000 for the return to the coast of Africa, and their support for one year, of the captured Africans recently landed in the southern district of Florida.

TOO MUCH OF IT.

A letter from New York says:

"There was too much venom and wormwood and gall in Mr. Sumner's speech in the Senate yesterday, to meet the approval of the more sagacious and common-sense Republicans here, who express the conviction that it will damage, rather than help, the Chicago nominees. Depend upon it, the Democrats and the Union men will use that extraordinary tirade with damaging effect to the party to which Mr. Sumner belongs. The Tribune, even, thinks such a speech is calculated to keep Kansas out of the Union, rather than to hasten her admission; and the Post, quite as strong anti-slavery as the Tribune, thinks it admits of a doubt, 'whether the peculiar line of argument was called for at this time.'"

CONFESSION OF HICKS.

Hicks the condemned Pirate of the sloop E. A. Johnson has made a confession of the murder of Capt Burr and the brothers Watts. He has also acknowledged having participated in the mutiny on board the bark Saladin in 1849, when eight of the crew were murdered.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....June 16, 1860.

C. C. Cole, J. W. Alexander, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to The Times:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STAUNG HOLLOWAY,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY
MARY W. JANNEY,
MI. LIE E. PARDO,
IN. CLAYTON,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. BATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
Mrs. L. M. PETCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFFITH J. MORSE,
and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
E. G. STAPLES,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
MATILDA C. SMILEY,
FINLEY JOHNSON,
LOTTIE LINWOOD,
CLARA AUGUSTA,
A. PERRY SPERRY,
Mrs. DI VERNON,
PAUL RIVINGWOOD,
Miss. O. W. LeVERT
Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. M. A. REYAN,
J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.

Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story now running through The Times, "The Pride of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers the following interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. Genieve.

RUTH WARREN: A Story of the Revolution. By Lewis C. G. Millar.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE: or, A Volunteer of 1812. By Mabel Lansing.

CONESTA; A Tale of Forest Days. By Ashley.

GRACE MORTIMER; or, The Orphan Heiress; A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. Loomis.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of The Times will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible.

Taking the Census.

The census tables furnish much useful information, at an immense cost; yet, perhaps, in a republican government it is a necessity irrespective of costs or labor or difficulties, and we may regularly look for the decennial visits of the Marshal, and prepare to answer his questions. There are many difficulties attending the taking of the census. There is no law to compel answers to the questions, and yet to be of any material value, the census tables should be full and correct. The Marshals are generally men of polite and affable manners, and intrude no unnecessary questions upon the various subjects upon which they seek information; no questions of mere idle curiosity or inquisitiveness, and it will greatly facilitate their labors if every family be ready to answer promptly and correctly such questions as it is their duty to ask.

For the taking of the census this year, active operations commenced the first of June. The Marshals are now at their work. If the heads of families would prepare answers to all the necessary questions, and leave them at their homes, it would assist the Marshal very much in case the head of the family should be absent at the time the Marshal shall call. To aid in preparing these answers, we subjoin a list embracing the principal subjects upon which information will be required:

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.

Value of real estate owned.

Place of birth, naming the State, Territory or country.

Married within a year.

Attended School within the year.

Persons over twenty years of age that cannot read or write

Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane or idiotic, pauper or convict.

Name of owners, agent or manager of the farm.

Number of improved acres.

Number of unimproved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming implements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June first 1860, viz number of horses, mules and asses, working oxen, milch cows and other cattle, swine and sheep.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year ending June 1st, viz: number bushels of Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, Oats, Beans, and Peas, Buckwheat, Barley, Irish Potatoes, Sweet Potaties, pounds of Wool and pounds Tobacco.

Value of ore and products in dollars.

Gallons of Wine, value of products of market garden, pounds of Butter, pounds of Cheese, tons of Hay, bushels of Clover seed, and bushels of Grass seed, pounds of Maple Sugar, gallons of Molasses, pounds of Honey and Beeswax, value of home made manufactures.

Name of Corporation, Company or individual producing articles to the annual value of $500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw material used, including fuel, viz: quantities, kinds, values, kind of motive power, machinery, structure or resources.

Average number of hands employed, viz: Male, Female, average monthly of Male labor, average monthly cost of Female labor.

Annual product, viz: quantities, kinds, values.

Names of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1860 whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age sex and color, whether white or black, or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory or Country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation or trade, disease or cause of death.

Personal.

Samuel D. Ingram, Secretary of the Treasury under Jackson's administration, is dead. He was in his 81st year.

Wm. R. Hallett, President of the Bank of Mobile, died in New York on the 5th inst.

Rev. John Bayley, of the Virginia Conference, sailed from New York for Liverpool, accompanied by his wife, in the ship Henry Clay, on the 30th ult.

Secretary Cobb was recently in Milledgeville, Ga., attending the Democratic State Convention.

F. E. Askin, a conductor on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, was killed last week, by the accidental discharge of his gun.

Hon. Silas M. Burroughs, member of Congress from the 31st district of New York, died at his residence in Medina on the 3d inst.

Prof. Joseph Roby, at the head of the anatomical department of the University of Maryland, died on Saturday.

The Union party of Missouri have nominated Robert Wilson for Governor, and R. Holmes for Lieutenant Governor.

Dangers of Promotion.

The heart of the young man especially aspires after rank and honor. He is not content short of the highest position in whatever walk of life circumstances may place him. The praise of men is sweet to his ear, and the consciousness that he is looked up to by his fellows is a flattering unction peculiarly pleasant to his feelings. He forgets, or rather never thought of the dangers attending promotion. Sudden acquired wealth, or honor, or patronage is often more than a balance to the mind, or the integrity of the heart. The virtuous, highminded, affable youth, is changed into the haughty, the arrogant, the proud, the oppressive, the vicious man. The accomplishment of the highest aim of his ambition is often the direct cause of the destruction of those worthy traits of character which won the goal of his aspirations.

How forcibly is it is truth illustrated in the remarkable history of the emperor Nero, one of the twelve Cæsars. At the age of 19, he ascended the throne of the Cæsars as emperor of Rome, at that time the most illustrious throne of the most illustrious empire of the world. Nero was an adopted son of the preceding emperor and raised somewhat in humble life, he was remarkably affable in his disposition, and his reign was marked in the beginning by acts of the greatest kindness and condescension, by the greatest complacency and popularity. He was so much an enemy to flattery, that when the Senate had liberally commended the wisdom of his government, Nero desired them to keep their praises till he deserved them.

But mark the change. The natural heart, unaided by true virtue, is unable to breast the tide, and is engulphed in the floods of self destruction. This amiable youth soon forgets the equality that once existed between himself and his subjects; he forgets the virtues that marked the beginning of his reign, and becomes the tyrant, the assassin, sacrificing to his insatiate temper and wantonness, even his mother and his wife. The same Senate that once passed such flattering resolutions of praise, before thirteen short years had elapsed condemned the tyrant that sat on the throne to be dragged naked through the streets of Rome, and whipped to death, and afterwards to be thrown down from the Tarpeian rock like the meanest malefactor. This is to be escaped only by self-destruction.

It is said that in one of Cæsar's triumphal marches into Rome, he placed a young man in his chariot just behind him to whisper into his ear, whenever the people should raise a shout, "remember thou art mortal." This was no meaningless act upon the part of Cæsar. He knew the weakness of the human heart, the transforming power of flattery.

Wealth, and honor, and influence, and position are to be desired. They are to be not as our inherent rights, but as instruments for accomplishing good. To any but the virtuous heart, the heart sustained by the graces of religion, they are temptations, entangling nets to lead the soul to destruction, but used as means, they ennoble the mind, give sweets to life, and enrichies the soul.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE THRONE OF DAVID; OR, THE REBELLION OF PRINCE ABSALOM. Being an illustration of the splendor, power and dominion of the reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, ancestor and type of Jesus. In a series of letters, addressed by an Assyrian ambassador resident at the court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the throne of Nineveh: wherein the glory of Assyria, as well as the magnificence of Judea, is presented to the reader as by an eye witness. By Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D. G. G. Evans publisher. Philadel.

This volume is the third of a series of original, sublime and thrilling narratives of *Holy Writ*, and the wonderful and momentous events which characterise these histories, are invested with a charm of solemn and fascinating grandeur, unequalled in their spell—irresistable in their christianizing influence. The history of David as a shepherd, poet, musician, warrior, king, prophet and friend, and "a man after God's own heart," with that of his son Solomon, with the events which attend their triumphs of valor, wisdom and prophecy, are given here with a graphic fidelity and religious coloring which, while it entertains and instructs, cannot fail to awaken the popular mind to the divine truths and wonders of the Bible.

"The Throne of David" is a connecting link between "The Pillar of Fire," and "The Prince of the House of David," and forms the completion of this interesting and popular series. It is handsomely bound in one large 12mo volume, of 603 pages, price $1.25. Mr. Evans is the proprietor of the great "Gift Book Establishment" in Philadelphia, and will send a present with each copy of the book, on receipt of the price and postage.

The preceding volumes of this series have had such a very large sale, it would seem rather a work of supererrogation to speak of them at length; but this being the completion of the series, it may not be amiss to give an outline of the author's plan in the prosecution of the series, weich we will do in his own language:

"The author's plan, in illustration of the history of the Hebrew people, embraces three books. The first in order of time, though it was second in the order of publication, is "The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage." The central figure of this book is Moses. It takes up the Hebraic history at the time of the sale of Joseph into Egypt, and closes it with the promulgation of the two tables of the Divine Law from Sinai. The present work, "The Throne of David," is an attempt to illustrate, after the same plan, the grandeur of Hebraic history, when the 'People of God' had attained, under the reigns of David and Solomon, the height of their glory and power as a nation. The central figure of this work is David, Prophet, Priest, and King, and type of Him, who as the last Prince of His house, transferred the Throne of David from earth to heaven—from Jerusalem below to Jerusalem above! It presents David as a shepherd, and a poet; in his friendship with Jonathan; in his victory over the Philistine; in the splendor of his regal magnificence; in his flight from Prince Absalom; and in all the scenes of his later life. Absalom in his rebellion, and Solomon in his kingly glory, are leading features of the work. The aim of the writer is to invest with popular interest one of the most interesting periods of Hebrew history distinguished by the cotemporaneous existence of four of the most wonderful men of any age; viz, David, Saul, Samuel the Prophet, and Solomon the greatest and wisest of men.

"His aim in these books is to draw the attention of those who seldom open the Bible, to that sacred volume, by unfolding to them the beauty, riches, eloquence and grandeur of the Holy Scriptures. He is told that the two preceding works have contributed, hitherto, largely to this result, and numerous letters in his possession from grateful writers bear testimony to the good which those books have done in directing attention to the Bible, the inexhaustible Fountain from which they were drawn.

"The Third Book of the Series, (but which was the first in order of publication,) 'The Prince of the House of David,' illustrates the *decadence* of Hebraic power, as 'The Pillar of Fire' unfolds its *beginning*; while its final *culmination* is presented in the 'Throne of David.' The central figure of 'The Prince of the House of David,' is Jesus the 'Son of David,' our most blessed Lord and Saviour. The time of that work embraces a period of about four years from the appearing of John the Baptist to the ascension of our Lord.

"Thus the three books cover the whole field of Hebraic history, from the bondage in Egypt to the reign of Solomon, and thence to the crucifixion of Jesus. There is no necessary connection between the books. They may be read in chronological order, (which is best,) or separately, or the last named first."

THE STRANGER'S STRATAGEM: OR, THE DOUBLE DUCHY, and Other Stories. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey.

This volume, of over four hundred pages, contains the following interesting stories, which the author has gathered and presented in a book, from the several periodicals to which they were originally contributed.

The leader gives the title to the book. This is followed by Reginald's Revenge, or the rod and reproof; this by Italia Alman or the child heiress; this by Lilia Rosely, or the triumph of virtue; this by the Drunkard's Daughter; this by Eva Evylin; this by the Gem, or the charm that wins—which completes the volume. These are pretty and interesting stories, embracing a very pleasing variety, and all written with the desire to profit as well as please the reader. Of Miss Whittlesey's style our readers are too familiar to justify a criticism here. They will remember that some of these stories have already appeared in the Times—one being a "prize story." We hope the book will meet with a ready sale, and be profitable to both the author and the reader.

Items.

The City Council of Atlanta, Ga., recently subscribed $300,000 and the citizens $200,000 to aid in construction of a railroad to Jacksonville, Ala.

The cost of the New York Central Park thus far has been $7,900 000. The sum of $2,500,000 will be expended for farther improvements.

Seventeen slaves, set free by the will of the late Dr. Land, of Princess Anne county, left for Philadelphia last week.

Jessee Howell, convicted at Norfolk, Va., of arson, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Rev. Henry Bass, for 49 years a Methodist minister, died at Cokesbury, S. C., a few days since.

The artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has reached the depth of 2,344 feet.

The Porto Rico export duty on sugar, molasses and coffee has been abolished.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

In medium-sized, modest looking hand-bills, it is announced in London that "the steamship Great Eastern, 18,915 tons register, will take her departure from Southampton for New York on the 9th of June." The ship is consigned to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., New York.

This looks like business. The Board of Directors have gone to work industriously and thoroughly, without pretence, bluster or puffing. She is only to receive a limited number of cabin passengers on her trip to the United States—not to exceed three hundred. On her return, should she make a rapid passage westward, she will probably take a much larger number.

BAD WATER.

The Richmond Dispatch says the hydrant water in the city has been so abominably dirty for several weeks that some of the members of the Council have tired of its use, and at the next meeting will offer a resolution instructing the Superintendent and City Engineer to report some plan for filtering it. This, it is said, can be done by erecting a circular brick wall in the reservoir to act as a "strainer," and will cost but little if deemed practicable.

RETURN CARGO MADE UP.

The Norfolk papers announce that the return cargo of the bark "Lone Star," up for Bordeaux, will shortly be placed on board, and no further freight offers are now taken.

SPECIAL SESSION.

The special session of the Massachusetts Legislature, called for the purpose of investigating and checcking the cattle disease, commenced on Wednesday. Governor Bank estimates the number of neat cattle in the United States at twenty millions.

STEAMERS FROM NEW ORLEANS TO LIVERPOOL.

A line of steamships from N. Orleans direct to Liverpool is now considered by the New Orleans papers as an established fact.

THE WONDERS OF SOMNAMBULISM.

Henry Ludford, a ferryman, of Troy, New York, hearing a man call "over," arose from his bed, passed down stairs, out of doors, and down the long stairway to his skiff, got in, crossed the river, brought the passenger over who was calling, took his toll out of a quarter, fastened his river-boat, took the passenger over in the Mohawk basin boat, and recrossed back again to his station on the Island, passed up stairs in the toll-house, where the ferrymen sleep, took the lighted lamp in his hand, passed to his bed and back again to the hatchway, where he stepped off and fell to the floor below, making a great racket and walking up all the rest of the hands, who hastened to see what was the matter, and on inquiry found that Ludford had been sound asleep all this time. Curiously enough he received but a few slight bruises by his fall. He remembered nothing of what had occurred, and was bewildered when found lying on the floor, and anxious to know how he came there, and ready to swear that he had not been over with a passenger since an early hour in the evening. The change made by him was taken from a table on which the quarter lay. The midnight passenger called attent on to the queer conduct of the ferryman, and said he never saw so dumb a chap before.

EDUCATIONAL.

In the Methodist Episcopal General Conference the committee on education has reported that the number of literary institutions is but little less than one hundred, employing four hundred teachers, with sixty thousand scholars. The property is valued at $3,000,000.

SEVERE FALL.

On Friday night, at the Planters' Hotel, at Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Owens being very warm, sat in the window to get cool and fell out of the third story window to the ground. He is not severely injured though his escape is miraculous.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

MAKING AND KEEPING IN ORDER GRAVEL WALKS.

We copy the following from the American Farmer.

"SIR: I so often notice in your paper courteous replies to correspondents asking information, that I am encouraged to add myself to the list of enquirers. Will you have the goodness, in your next number, to give me some instruction in the making and keeping in order of gravel walks or roads on a lawn? How they are to be prepared? What proportion of clay, sand or gravel? In fact, any information that will be of use to one entirely ignorant of the art."

The above we have from a lady in Cecil county. We are not only bound, of course, to answer all such inquiries, but they prove very often useful suggestions, by which we are enabled to do a service to many other readers.

Gravel walks, well made and neatly kept, not only add much to the appearance of the grounds about a dwelling, but are essential to comfort and health in bad weather. No grounds are complete without dry, firm walks, at all seasons.

The gravel used should be mixed with loam not clayey enough to stick to the shoes when wet, nor so sandy as to be loose in dry weather, but of such consistency as will bind close and firm at all times. The ground is to be staked out, and to make a good permanent walk, remove the earth to the depth of ten or twelve inches. Such a depth being removed and the space properly filled, the growth of grass and the interference of earth-worms are prevented. Fill up then the first five or six or more inches, with small stones, brickbats or any such matter as you may command. Then put on gravel to the thickness of at least six inches, taking out the coarse parts and rounding the walk very slightly towards the centre. Let the work be done in dry weather and thoroughly rolled with a hand-roller, and made compact and firm. A well made gravel walk should be free from all coarse rough stones, and as smooth, firm and easy to walk upon, as a pavement. This will depend much upon the consistency of the loam with which the gravel is mixed and its due preparation, which must be a matter of judgment with the operator—observing that it must *bind firmly without being sticky*. After being made, the walks should be rolled and swept once a week.

We should be glad to have, from other correspondents, any further hints which their experience may suggest on this subject.

TO PRESERVE STAKES, &c., IN THE GROUND.

A recent correspondent writes: "Quite recently, while walking in the garden with the Hon. J. W. Fairfield, Hudson, N. Y., he called my attention to the small stakes which supported the raspberry canes. The end in the ground, as well as the part above, was as sound and bright as if lately made, but he informed me that they had been in constant use for twelve years! Said I, 'Of course they are cyanized?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and the process is so simple and cheap that it deserves to be universally known, and it is simply this: One pound of blue vitriol to twenty quarts of water. Dissolve the vitriol with boiling water, and then add the remainder. The end of the stick is then dropped into the solution, and left to stand four or five days; for shingles, three days will answer, and for posts six inches square, ten days. Care is to be taken that the saturation takes place in a metal vessel or keyed box, for the reason that any barrel will be shrunk by the operation so as to leak. Instead of expanding an old cask as other liquids do, this shrinks them. Chloride of zinc, I am told, will answer the same purpose, but the blue vitriol is, or was formerly, very cheap.—three to six cents per pound.'"

Mr. Fairfield informed me that the French government are pursuing a similar process with every item of timber now used in shipbuilding, and that they have a way of forcing into the trees in the forest as soon as cut, ejecting the sap and cyanising it all on the spot. I have not experimented with, but Mr. Fairfield's success seemed to be complete.

"The process is so simple and cheap as to be within the convenience of every farmer, and gardener even, and I therefore thought it so valuable as to warrant a special notice of it."

TO PRESERVE PLUMS.

Boil the fruit in syrup of clarified sugar for forty minutes, use equal parts of fruit and sugar. After three days set the jar in a kettle of cold water and heat it to the boiling point. Or set the jar in an oven from which the bread has been removed, and let it remain for two hours. They will keep without further trouble.

STRAWBERRY JAM.

Three pounds of sugar, two quarts of fruit bruised and boiled for ten minutes. All jams must be stirred briskly while doing, or they may get scorched.

CHERRIES.

They should be picked with the stems on, and all imperfect ones rejected. Boil and skim vinegar and sugar—one gallon and four pounds—and, while hot, pour it over the cherries. Repeat the operation of boiling, skimming, and returning the vinegar while hot, twice within four days; and when cold put them in glass jars and cover tight.

Nectarines, apricots, grapes and gooseberries make excellent pickles, prepared as above.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Think of Me.

BY BEATRICE.

When evening sun is sinking low,
And each bright ray you see,
Will you then one thought bestow
On her who thinks of thee?

Or when you wake at early morn,
And meekly bow the knee,
Then will you breathe a prayer for one
Who ever prays for thee?

When in the early spring you roam,
And view each budding tree,
When memory paints the days that's gone,
O then remember me.

When autumn's chilly winds have come,
Each flower shall withered be;
And o'er their early death you mourn,
Then weep one tear for me.

When thou art with the ones you love,
Thy heart shall happy be;
Oh let thy thoughts a moment rove
To her who thinks of thee;

But ah, if grief should ever come,
Each joy departed be,
Remember then that there is one
Who'll love and think of thee.

In joy or sorrow still the same
This heart will ever be;
Should friends forsake, return again—
You'll find me true to thee.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XV.

The Triumph.

PHILIP CROWELL (he had adopted his uncles name as he was now his heir) had reached the height of his ambition. He had seen his name in print had been commended by men from whom praise is distinction—and now he was to stand before the world as the author of a living book. He had read the last sheet of proof one dull evening, and his dusky office was rapidly darkening. He stretched his arms—stood up to his full stature, and threw his pen on the desk with a sigh of relief. Without was a melancholy rain—a drifting sifting mist that wet one through almost, to look at. When the big drops of the earnest storm come tumbling and rushing against the pane and rattling along the roof, there is a comfort in listening, watching and even in feeling their honest pelting—but a dirty drizzle—a Scotch uncomfortable, is a nuisance and savors of hypocrisy.

"*Done* at last;" said Philip, but there was no lighting up of the eye, no smile of exultation. Instead there was a pale and even bitter look gathered over the whole face. He took the blotted papers and placed them with the other sheets, then as if some sudden thought overpowered him, threw himself in his leather-cushioned chair, and pressed his hands slowly again and again upon his forehead. Then he would sit awhile, his troubled eyes fixed on vacancy; anon shaking his head, while his lips moved nervously he would sigh so heavily that his shoulders were lifted then depressed with a quick startling motion—it seemed as if the breath came hardly through his clenched teeth.

The longer he sat, the more overpowered he seemed to become with the intensity of his emotion—till finally he began to rock his body to and fro as strong men will, sometimes, when giving visible expression to grief.

At last he sprang to his feet, crying with a low, clear voice—startling and hollow, withal,

"I must have proof!"

The darkness had deepened. The rain came down louder, more steadily. He took his hat buttoned closely his coat, and emerged from the gloom into a dimly lighted thoroughfare. His proof he left in a dingy little bookstore that smelt musty and suggested thoughts of mice and vermin. The little lame boy stared at him from under the one low burning oil lamp as if he saw trouble in his face—it was ghastly. Hurrying forth shivering with doubt and fear, he wended his way towards the home where dwelt Vivian Gray. He rang, and according to request was ushered into the immediate presence of the proud old woman. She received him as she always did with haughty condescension, and perhaps did not deign to notice how flushed and haggard his face was as he strove in vain to compose himself. Any heart but that of one grown strong in haughty self love and will would have pitied him, for the workings of that most terrible of all emotions suspense, were visible in his fine countenence.

"You received letters to-day?" at length he half queried, hurriedly.

"I received but one"—was the cold reply with formal emphasis.

"That one——I——it——was of course from——"

"My grandchild—Mary, who I am proud to inform you is destined to fill a station quite equal in importance to that of her cousin Beatrice."

"Mrs. Gray"—said the young man, striving in vain to steady his voice—"these vague hints and signs of mystery which you have thrown out so often of late, *must* be embodied in a more tangible form, or I will not understand them. Do you mean to say that Mary, my Mary (here Vivian shot at him a look of contempt) has proved false to the vows that you, yourself, sanctioned?"

"If my grandchild thinks fit to change her mind," said Vivian, slowly, "and choose for her husband a peer of the realm instead of the poor child of poverty and disgrace—it is no business of mine."

A thousand fires raged in the young man's breast. He struggled for calmness—oh! how fearfully!

"Mrs. Gray," he said, "you have seen fit to insult me—God forgive you for it. You have been to my Mary as a mother, and I will try not to hate you. Still, I repeat that I must and will have more direct proof of her falsehood—that word, coupled with Mary's name!" he almost shouted with a burst of uncontrolable anguish. Then recollecting himself, he added—"yes, more direct proof than even your word—the word of a Vivian Gray. True, I have received no letters—but"—his piercing eye grew as cold and steady as her own—"there *have* been such means as suppression and misdirection used before to-day. God have mercy on whoever makes me the victim of a base plot—I say, God have mercy on that person, man or woman, for Vivian Gray, He is the God and *th Judge* of the orphan."

He trembled from head to foot.

As for Vivian Gray—anger flashed from her keen eyes. She stood erect, hiding the terror that his words had driven into her soul, with a cold, granite-like front. There she stood, and fixedly regarded the young man, whose glance fell not beneath her own. Even in the midst of his thronging, almost maddening emotions, he could not but notice the striking attitude of that vindictive old woman—vindictive, perhaps, toward none but him. He thought there was a grandeur in her bearing that must once have made her queenly indeed if report said true concerning her great beauty.

"Young man," she said sternly, all her ire kindled by his resolute manner," you have doubted my word, the word of a Gray. I would have spared your feelings, but since you *dare* me to produce proofs, look at these—and these Did my foolish child ever call them sacred? loved them as hidden treasures—smile over, dream on them? Behold how highly she valued them—they are yours again."

Philip grew livid. He snatched the shining curl which Mary had severed from his own tresses, for herself and laid it in the palm of his shaking hand. He seized the package of letters—his sacred thoughts of and to her—his miniature with the delicate chain—his first gift—and then when Vivian Gray sank back in her seat, overcome with some remorse that perhaps till then she had never felt as a guilt, and read with her determined way in a faint voice, portions of letters from Beatrice—there he stood—white as a pillar of marble—his frame towering higher and higher, pride, indignation and injured love swelling his heart to bursting—pale, passionless and haughty in outward bearing, yet his soul beating against his body like a madman—his blood boiling through his veins and leaping from artery to artery like lighting.

He turned to leave the room. A revulsion of feeling came over him—his feet felt weak—his limbs trembled—it was with a great effort he lifted his hat to his head. He blundered through the hall though a broad light spanned it from end to end. He felt vaguely like a blind man for the knob of the door though it shone like a star before him. Out into the storm which had steadily increased, he hurried. It beat upon him—he had forgotten his umbrella—nor once did he think of it as he traversed street after street, passing and repassing his boarding house, striving to hurry from himself—groaning audibly—praying God he might die—there, anywhere! "only God, let me die!"

What was honor to him now? fame, wealth what phantoms they seemed!

All night he walked his chamber and till the red sun looked into the windows. The burning fever consequent upon his imprudent exposure, drank up his strength and he sank muttering on his couch and prayed to be taken home, saying to himself—while already strange phantoms flitted through his brain—"it will be sweeter to die there—for there—Mary loved me."

Dimple filled the old house with lamentations when her pet, her pride was brought home helpless—pallid, unconscious. His uncle took his resolute stand by the sick bed nor would he leave it day and night.

In that heart-rending delerium, the young man disclosed all his pure passion, all his heart rending disappointment. Folding his thin hands piteously he would cry, moving all around him to tears—

"How could you my Mary, how could you deceive me? Was not your promise given before heaven? O! would God I had died for your honor, your truth!

"What is true if Mary is false. Is heaven? are the angels? You *promised* me, Mary. I tremble for you, because all heaven heard it—yes—all heaven; (solemnly and tenderly) and the Holy God Himself."

Then in tones of soft and plaintive entreaty, he would cry—"come back to me love—for the sake of your plighted-troth—come back to me."

"O! turn her eyes from him—turn her head from him—*can* I endure the maddening sight? *Her* head on the bosom of another! Let go her hand, villian—but I forget—*she* consents. Can I harm one my Mary loves? I forgive you"—faint and weak he would sink back almost dying. From day to day doctor Joshway gave his convictions a more serious tone, and after the turn of the fever, the young man laid listlessly gazing around him—so still and patient he was, so humble, so meek and, grateful, that the rough physician had less hope than before.

"The foolish boy!" he said half in anger, half in sorrow, "he's jest lettin' his heart break for a wuthles gal—I'd be peppered afore I'd do it, and buttered too." So he would turn on his heels his little rotund body, to bite his lips and force back his tears.

Elder Rolston was a great comfort to the gentle sufferer, and uncle Mat had become thoughtful, even reverent. He had grown as tender as a woman in his manner and more than once did he go by himself to offer a rude prayer for the recovery of his noble boy.

One bright afternoon when the sky was a serene beauty and the meadows lay still in the sunlight, the old man donned his hat and moved slowly out of the cottage and down the road. It was a noticeable hat and suit the farmer wore—both too large and too small, too wide and too narrow. The old man had cared little for appearances all his life—he cared less now. He moved along slowly, muttering in his fashion, and every little while the words issued from his quivering lips—"got to die, I'spose—well, well—it's hard for the old man, hard for the old man—such a snug farm too—and money in the bank—all his—everything his—I say it's blamed hard." Then looking cautiously round, he said aloud, as if it relieved him of his heaviness of heart, "blame that girl!"

In the distance a carriage came rapidly in sight. It came nearer. The old man caught the glimpse of a white hand—a whiter face. A familiar voice at once relceived and bewildered him.

The great horse was checked so suddenly that the lady fell back, but recovering herself, she held out that white hand imploringly—as she cried—

"Uncle Mat—oh! how is he?—how is Philip—do answer me—say that he lives."

The farmer stood irresolute, peering from hers to the cadaverous stranger by her side.

"Is it—Mary Gray?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes, you know it is, uncle Mat—we arrived only yesterday—Philip is better—well—or almost—tell me—do tell me."

The tears were falling. The expression of her face betokened anguish. The man struck the ground violently with his cane—"he ain't dead—but that ain't your fault, blame it."

"Uncle Mat, is he so sick," her voice faltered—"so sick that I can't see him."

"No—you can't if you're married to that man in there—as I spose you be. I wouldn't give a straw for his life, now I tell ye."

"I'm not married, uncle Mat to any one," replied Mary, earnestly. "Don't forbid my seeing him—don't. I won't stay long."

"Off with ye then"—cried the farmer, an exultant light spreading over his countenance. "But who in thunder is that man?" he muttered gazing after the carriage—"oh! Lord, perhaps I've done wrong after all;" and he hurried after the receding vehicle.

Dimple met Mary first, gave one loud cry, but seeing the stranger subsided into a smile. She led them into the neat parlor—and breathlessly obeying Mary's look, rather than voice or sign, went by herself into Philips room. Even then she dared not tell the sick man though her face lighted up the chamber. She whispered to elder Rolston who arose, and in much agitation followed her.

Meanwhile Mary sat in the little parlor, talking with seeming composure to the stranger at her side. But when Dimple came back and said to Mary, will you please come here, the man started to his feet, with signs of discomposure.

"Let me go;" said Mary gently, but firmly—"I will be but a few moments at the longest—do not fear to trust me."

At this he sat down, nervously, again; and Mary followed Dimple. As she entered the sick room a change came over her—her strength deserted her, and she almost fell into the outstretched arms of the old minister, who by a sign compelled silence. The curtains of the bed were carefully adjusted that the sick man might not see what was passing, but after the minister had whispered a word to the trembling girl, he consigned her to Dimple, upon whom she leaned heavily, and stepped softly round to Philip.

Drawing the curtains, he said as Philip looked up.

"I am afraid you are too ill to bear good news."

With that instinctive foreboding which some times flashes over the soul, the young man exclaimed,

"Has Mary come?"

"Don't keep me from him"—cried the poor girl in a sobbing voice, and before another word could be spoken she had sunk down at his side, while he with almost supernatural strength, half threw himself from the couch twined his feeble arms about her, saying,

"For three days I have thought you would come. True still—my Mary, true still?"

"Still yours, Philip," she sobbed gazing into that pure, pale face—"yours forever."

"Strength is given me," exclaimed Philip, the light of hope breaking over his features—"place my pillow so that I may sit up. I can bear it—don't fear for me, now O! Mary—sit down by me! my own Mary—still I rejoice with trembling. I cannot yet understand it—your terrible silence—that letter relating to your—your marriage, the tokens returned. Is my brain still wandering? can it be you, beside me? Where will all this end? Indeed my child, I cannot bear a second struggle"

"My poor Philip," said Mary, "we have both been cruelly deceived. In as few words as possible (for my time is limited) let me tell you. You heard, perhaps, that I was married to Lord Winterton—you heard perhaps that I had found my father. The latter report is true—the other, oh how could you believe it? In order to get here I have been obliged to resort to stratagem. Long before I went to England my grandmother and Beatrice formed a plan to separate us. All our letters have been intercepted. A box containing all I most valued was abstracted from my trunk by means of false keys. I cannot tell you now the harrowing scenes in which I have been forced to participate. I will pass over the unwomanly conduct of my cousin, lord Winterton's persecuting attentions, and briefly explain how I found my father. He was lord Winterton's guardian—Marquis of Annesley, and is at this moment under this roof. How could my proud grandmother receive this man with open arms? O, Philip! she forgot, she must have forgotten his cruel treatment of my angel mother. Still, he is my father, perhaps he is penitent. Thank God, my mother was united to him in honorable marriage. I need no more go aside and wonder at my grandmother's strange conduct whenever his name was mentioned. Many a bitter pang has it cost me to overcome my deep rooted dislike to one who tried to deceive my pure mother, but whom providence mercifully defeated.

"My father fancies what he calls my style of English beauty. He exercises the most rigid supervision over me, and is determined that I shall marry Lord Winterton. What can I do? my grandmother sides with him—I am a poor, weak, powerless woman in their hands—what can I do, for I cannot love these men—the one as husband, the other as father."

Philip said nothing but his face grew sweetly grave as his eyes met those of elder Rollston.

"Can you help us, elder?" he asked faintly.

"Yes—I can help you;" he gravely replied.

"How?" asked Mary, breathlessly.

"My child," he said, gently taking her hand, "you need not go from here; you should not."

She started as his meaning broke upon her mind. A painful uncertainty, mingled with bashful joy sat on her lovely face. Her cheeks flushed—she tremulously enquired, as if of herself, I dare?"

The sick man gazed yearningly towards her; it seemed as if his life depended upon her decision. The old elder took her hand and turned towards Philip. "His life is in the balance," he said solemnly, "it is worth saving, you can save it."

Mary bent her pure forehead in token of assent. "He must not die," she whispered, "I will dare and brave all."

"Then join your right hands;" he said, going softly to the door and calling in Dimple and the old farmer. He moved again to the bedside and impressively performed the marriage service.

Mary was free!

Philip spoke not, but rapturously smiling he held both her hands to his bosom. His pale lips moved: "my noble wife! my own!" he murmured.

Mary still quietly wept. She could not realize that she was at liberty. Dimple cried outright; the good elder wiped the moisture from his spectacles and more slyly from his eyes, and old Mat completely transformed his face in his efforts to keep it unchanged.

Elder Rollston now went to seek the Marquis.

"Where is my daughter?" asked the latter quickly, almost fiercely.

"This way, if you please" and the Marquis followed the dignified elder into the sick room. Philip, with a hopeful face, still held the hand of his bride. Mary sat timidly leaning towards him, looking at the same time towards her father like a frightened child.

"Mary," he exclaimed sternly, "what does this mean? False girl! what of your promise? Strange conduct this for the daughter of a peer."

"I am his wife, they are married;" broke simultaneously from the lips of Mary and the minister, then there was a dead silence. In vain the Marquis essayed to speak, his blue lips refused their office. Mary cowered close to her husband; she had but little love for her hitherto unnatural father and she felt there was protection in Philip's very weakness.

Impotent to vent his rage except by the flashing of his fierce eyes, Marquis Annesley with one glance of mingled hate and scorn, hurried from the appartment, and in another moment his carriage-wheels rattled furiously away.

"Blamed glad he's gone;" broke earnestly and honestly from the old farmer's lips, and every wrinkle of his face seemed laughing.

That night a letter came for Mary. Father and grandmother had disowned her. She read it through with a proud smile.

"God will yet allow me to see my grandmother in her penitence."

Only a few years ago one might have seen in Mary's beautiful home, a lovely though faded creature with her young son, seated in the grand parlor, telling tales of old England to the little golden-haired Mary, Philip's household treasure, his rarest It was Beatrice brought by reverses, which it is needless to mention, save to say they were the result of her own thoughtlessness and pride. And in a chamber, surrounded by splendor sat a poor, emaciated form all day, blessing Mary for her kind offices and a thousand times begging her to forgive the past. It was Vivian Gray, who had knelt in humble penitence for long months over the sick bed of good elder Rollston, her pride humbled—her heart changed. On her bosom his head had reposed at the last; his patience was rewarded by a brief season of wedded life.

Farmer Mat Crowell lies in the village churchyard, while Dimple, still active and useful, is Mary's right hand.

It is reported that Lady Hartley, whose husband has been dead for three years, is to be married again fashionably. A good match, as the word goes, at any rate a wealthy one.

Vivian Gray is growing childish. If you speak of elder Rollston, she will lift a delicate ivory box, and taking from it a tress of rare and beautiful hair, say to you—

"He treasured it for fifty-eight long years. Well I shall meet him in heaven."

The Marquis Annesley has never claimed his child again, though possibly his heart may throb with some pride as he hears the praises of his son-in-law, as they are sounded even across the waters and through the two countries by the press.

Finis.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Old Play Ground.

BY HUGH.

I'm sitting here alone to-day,
Where youth was sweet as fancy's dream;
But youthful days are fled and gone,
And loved ones, too, on time's swift stream.
No voice of love now speaks to me;
No cherished forms I loved are near;
Yet with the mirror memory gives,
I see their forms—their voices hear.

I'm wandering back through faded years,
And scenes that long ago have flown;
I hold loved forms in view to-day,
That to the grave have long been gone;—
Some lie beneath old ocean's waves,
And others bleach the field of gore;
Though many wander o'er the earth,
Yet we shall greet their smiles no more.

A few yet linger near the place,
Where childhood felt not earth's alloy;
The smile of youth has left their lips;
A sigh betrays their faded joy.
Though on time's ever rolling stream,
Our youthful days have passed away;
Yet memory brings them back again—
Those days that were too sweet to stay,

We trace the footsteps one by one,
Of those that moulder in the grave;
We wept around their dying bed,
But tears could not our loved ones save.
Oh! it is vain to weep for them:
For they are happier far than we;
For while we tread life's thorny maze,
They are from all earth's sorrows free.

Soon we must lie beneath the sod;
And other groups will gather here:
And soon they'll pass as we have done—
They too must shed the parting tear.

Another Terrible Tornado.

We have never know the elements so charged with fury and destruction. Daily the papers are filled with accounts of storms and tornadoes in every section of the Union. Close upon the terrible tornado a short time since at Cincinnati, comes the details of another still more terrible and destructive in an adjoining state. On the night of the 3rd inst., a terrible tornado swept over Eastern Iowa and North western Illinois, which has caused more destruction of life and property, especially at Clinton, Iowa, than any similar visitation remembered; whole cities were destroyed and railroad trains dashed to pieces. The towns of Camanche, Iowa, and Albany, Illinois, were completely demolished. In the former thirty-two dead bodies have been discovered, and there were still a number under the ruins of demolished buildings. In Albany five or six dead bodies have been found and there are some fifty persons wounded, some seriously.

The destruction was equally great at Morrison, Illinois.

At Lynden several persons were killed, and fifteen persons in the vicinity were badly injured.

The storm passed two miles north of Amboy, and it is reported that over ten persons were killed there, and a number badly injured.

The course of the tornado was almost due east from the Mississippi to Rock River. There is scarcely a house or barn, in the direct track of half a mile in width, left standing.

The tornado was first noticed between Marion and Cedar Rapids, Lynn county, Iowa, going north, south, east and west. Three separate currents crossed the track of the Chicago Railroad several times.

At Lisbon, the depot and warehouse were utterly demolished, and a train of ten heavily laden frieght cars was lifted from the track and dashed to pieces.

Before reaching Lisbon, the tornado killed 16 persons.

One of the currents going north passed thro' Mechanicsville and demolished the place, killing 16 persons.

Another current passed through Union Grove killing 17 persons in that vicinity. It then passed South through Dewitt, killing 27 persons—of whom 16 belonged to the family of Thos. Hatfield. It then passed still further South, over the towns of Romersd and Lammoor.

It then struck the town of Camanchee, on the Mississippi, at which point not less than 55 lives were destroyed. One hundred and twenty five persons were wounded, some fatally Ten are missing.

A large timber raft, with a crew of 24 men and two women, was scattered, and 21 men and both women lost.

The tornado travelled a distance of 90 miles in Iowa and 70 in Illinois.

The loss of life is estimated at over 200.

If we all had windows in our hearts, many of us would take good care to keep the blinds closed.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, $2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, $1 50, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

☞ Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Lawson's History of North Carolina.

This rare and valuable history of North Carolina, we are pleased to see, is to be republished, by O. H. Perry & Co., of Raleigh.

Fire in Newbern.

We regret to learn from the *Progress*, that by a recent fire in Newbern Mr. Pennington, the proprietor and editor of that journal, lost some $1,800 to $2,000, only partially covered by insurance. Mr. Pennington's friends in Newbern at once subscribed some four or five hundred dollars to be presented to him to cover his loss, but he gratefully declined to accept the present. Such conduct is honorable both to them and him. We are glad to learn that the *Progress* will not suspend even for a single issue.

Little Adder.

Such is the name of a new campaign paper, started in Salisbury, by the editor of the Banner. It is intended as a sting to the little Ad, and he presents the picture of a desperate effort. Terms: 25 cents single subscription; five copies one dollar.

Beulah Male Institute.

Rev. S. G. Mason, of Yanceyville, will deliver the annual sermon before the students of Beulah Male Institute, on Wednesday June 20th, and J. H. Mills, Esq., of Oxford will deliver the annual address before the Parthenon Society.

Kernersville High Schools.

The Spring session of the Kernersville High Schools closed last week. These schools are located in Kernersville Forsyth county, under the management of Rev. T. S. Whittington who has had many years experience in successful teaching. Their design is to prepare young gentlemen and ladies for college, or those, not wishing to prosecute a regular collegiate course for any avocation in the ordinary walks of life. The location is in a healthy section of country surrounded by a moral and industrious community. The catalogue for the preceding year gives in the female department, 37; male department, 83. The fall session commences the last Tuesday in July.

Quite a Treat.

Mr. Wolf, of the firm of Drucher, Heilbrun & Wolf, presented us a sample of their African Coffee, which we pronounce the best article we have tasted for some time. Their New Orleans Syrup, which we were also favored with, exceeds anything in the Molasses line we ever eat. Their store is located on East Market Street, nearly opposite Albright's hotel. See advertisement on seventh page.

Circus Company tried for Murder.

The Circus company of Robinson & Lake was arrested on a charge of murder in Fredericksburg, Virginia. The suit was dismissed after one or two days' investigation, because the guilty party could not be recognized. Circuses are becoming more and more every year great nuisances, and should be prohibited by law.

The Conventions.

The Southern or seceding branch of the Democratic party hold their convention in Richmond this week, beginning on Monday. The regular Democratic convention re assembles in Baltimore next Monday, the 18th. We await with some anxiety the result of the two meetings.

Pioneer Steamer in Wilmington.

The arrival of the steamer Parkersburg was announced in Wilmington Tuesday night of last week by the firing of cannon. She is the pioneer steamer of the line from New York to Wilmington, run by the railroad companies. It is looked upon in Wilmington as the beginning of better times, and we wish them every success.

Southern Literary Messenger.

The Southern Literary Messenger for June, under the editorship of Dr. Bagby, gives gratifying evidence that it will lose none of the interest which has hitherto recommended it to its readers. We are sure from the present number that the efficiency which it maintained in the hands of Mr. Thompson will be in no degree diminished. The publishers have been fortunate in securing a successor to Mr. Thompson of the taste, wit and scholarship of Dr. Bagby. Under his auspices it will no doubt maintain its old popularity, and we hope may go on prospering and to prosper.

ASSASSINATION OF THE TYCOON OF JAPAN.

WASHINGTON, June 11.

The St Joseph's pony express brings intelligence that the Tycoon of Japan had been assassinated.

The Japanese.

The Japanese have left Washington. They spent Friday and Saturday in Baltimore, and were entertained with great *eclat*. The greatest object of interest to the visitors was the display of the seven steam fire engines. They then moved on to Philadelphia, where the greatest preparations were being made for their reception and entertainment, surpassing even that at the "Sacred City."

The Japanese decline entering into any conversation or receiving any books of a religious character, or being present at any of the religious solemnities to which they have been or may be invited. It is to be feared that some zealous persons may retard, instead of promoting, the spread of the Gospel among these people by ill-timed efforts to make proselytes of them; not reflecting that it is far better to trust to the certain influences of commercial association than to alarm their strong prejudices by forcing on them what their laws prohibit.

Summer Tourists.

Henry E. Colton, editor of the Western Advocate, Asheville, N. C., has published a "Guide Book to the scenery of Western North Carolina," in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, to which the attention of summer tourists is invited for information as to routes, conveyances, hotels, prices, distances, objects of interest, &c.

To Correspondents.

MABEL LANSING.—We are always very glad to hear from you, and you need have no fears that your well filled envelop will in the least weary us. Your poems, as also your sketches, meet with the warmest approval.

EDGAR ORVILLE.—We are pleased to welcome you into our list of contributors. Your pen runs remarkably smooth and we shall be pleased to hear from you often.

S. W. C.—The poem "The Dying Girl" is touching and well wrought.

FINLEY JOHNSON.—Your letter enclosing the sketches, "Worth makes the Man," and "Moral Influence," is received. Also your last, of the 7th.

MRS. M D WILLIAMS.—There is a peculiar softness, or *soul* spirit pervading your poems, that makes them great favorites with us, and we, therefore, welcome your late letter, enclosing "Remember Now thy Creator," and "I'm Weary Now."

MAXIMILIAN SIPAX.—Glad to hear from you again, likewise to hear your good opinion of the Times. "Coffee and Cakes," will doubtless be fine.

INA CLAYTON.—Your well-filled package of poems are gladly received.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE.

The commencement of Emory and Henry College, took place on Wednesday last. Thirteen young gentlemen graduated, each one of whom made a speech. The First Honor was awarded to Mr. Thomas N. Fowler, of Austin, Texas; the Second, to Mr. James E. Vawter, of Monroe county, Va.

After the conferring of the Degrees, the valedictory addresses were delivered by Mr. Fowler. Then came the annual address before the Calliopean and Hermesian Societies, by Rev. Dr. Schon, of Nashville, Tenn. The medals for excellence in Latin and Greek were awarded, by Rev. Jas. McChain, to Messrs. C. B. Thomas of Smyth, and Jas. E. Vawter of Monroe; that for superior attainments in the Natural Sciences to Mr. John K. Bennett, by Rev. Mr. McMahon; that for superiority in Mathematics, by Rev. Dr. Schon, to Mr. Charles E. Vawter, of Monroe; and the Robertson prize medel, for excellence in oratory, was conferred, by Judge Fulkerson, upon Mr. Thos. N. Fowler, of Austin, Texas.

INDIAN OUTRAGES IN ARIZONA.

A correspondent of the St Louis Republican at Hesilla, Arizona, reports Indian outrages in various parts of the Territory. A train of twenty four mules with sugar from Sonora was attacked by the Apaches near the Hanover copper mines and captured. Five persons were killed.

All the mules at Ewell and Dragoon Spring stations, on the Overland Mail route, have been stolen, and the route being without protection is liable to be interrupted. Fort Fillmore is its only reliance, and that is said to be garrisoned by ten sick men. Commanding officer Whistler has been applied to for rations for volunteers who had gone out, but had refused them.

SHIPS FOR THE AFRICANS.

The merchant ships Castilian, 999 tons, and Hemi-phere, 1,023 tons, of New York, have been chartered, under the auspices of the Colonization Society, to take the captured Africans from Key West to Liberia. The price to be paid is understood to be $12,000 for each vessel.

MATCH FACTORY BURNED.

Richardson's match factory, at Detroit, was totally destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. Loss $12,000, which is insured $2,700. The establishment employed one hundred and forty hands.

MT. VERNON DONATION.

Rocky Mountain Lodge of Free Masons, of Camp Floyd, Utah, have sent $250 to the Mount Vernon Association.

QUICK WORK.

The Rhode Island General Assembly began and ended its session last week. It lasted four days. Worthy of imitation.

INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO.

The New Mexican mail with dates to the 31st ult., has arrived at Independence, Missouri. The Navajoe Indians made an attack upon Fort Defiance a few days before the mail left, and came very near capturing it, as the garrison were not expecting anything of the sort. Fortunately, by some mismanagement on the part of the Indians their presence was discovered, and after some fighting they were routed. Trains of wagons were arriving at various points in the Territory almost daily, and business, although reviving to some extent, was still somewhat depressed. Six companies of soldiers are on Red River on the look out for Indians. A passenger who came to Fort Union with the mail, stated that he had orders from Col. Fauntberry to the troops not to attack the Indians, if it could be possibly avoided.

Six companies left Pawnee Fork on the 1st inst., on a scout, and if they do not receive commanding orders they will no doubt drive the Indians from the road, or whip them into submission. The forty dragoons that left Pawnee Fork some two weeks ago to attack a band of Kiowas, returned without finding them. This mail came through without an escort, there not being an Indian on the road, and would have made schedule time had they not traveled five days with an ox team.

EARLY SEASON.

The editor of the Cedar Keys (Fla.) Telegraph ate watermelons on the 26th ult., and they had then been plenty on the coast for more than a week. A gentleman from Florida says he has been eating green corn for several weeks.

GEN. WALKER AGAIN FILIBUSTERING.

Gen. Walker, accompanied by a few officers, sailed a few days since from New Orleans for Central America. The cession of the Bay Islands by Great Britain to Honduras has created great dissatisfaction among the inhabitants of Ruatan, who are among the people thus ceded. It is to this point Gen. Walker has sailed. The Montgomery Mail says:

Some of his men are already at Ruatan, and probably he is by this time on the way there. All the "Susan's" arms are said to be there and in good order. It will be recollected that the "Susan" was Capt. Maury's filibuster brig.

DEATH OF GEN. JESSUP.

Thomas S. Jessup, Quartermaster General of the U. S. Army, died in Washington, June 29th. He was a native Virginia, and entered the service in 1808.

FINAL INTERVIEW OF THE JAPANESE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

The four Japanese Ambassadors, with eight of the officers the next highest in rank, accompanied by Captains Dupont and Lee, and Mr. Portman the interpreter, visited the President's Mansion at noon Tuesday, and took their final leave of the President. A dispatch says:

The President received them in the Blue room in company with the Secretary of State and several other gentlemen. The interview was cordial and of comparatively long continuance. The President, among other things informed them that he had selected for the Naval Commission several of the most gallant officers of our navy, who, in peace were most kind, but in war we depend upon them for our defence. He trusted, however, that they would never be required to operate against Japan. The distinguished visitors, through their interpreter, expressed their high appreciation of the President's address, and as on a former occasion, alluded to the handsome reception with which they have met, and of the many kind attentions bestowed upon them. The President presented to each of the Princes a large gold medal bearing his likeness and a suitable inscription, struck at the Philadelphia Mint, and also a number of beautifully bound illustrated American books. These were received with evident delight.

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS.

J. B. Brown, a resident of Alexandria co., Va., was arrested Tuesday, at the Long Bridge on a charge of circulating the Helper book and other incendiary documents. He was brought to Alexandria and committed to jail in default of $2,000 bail. Brown was a delegate to the Wheeling and Chicago Republican Conventions, and voted for Fremont in 1856.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

On the 29th ult., George W. Whitten, of Pickens county, S. C., a youth, was instantly killed by lightning. Austin Whitten, another youth, that was near him at the time, was so shocked that he fell as if dead, but soon showed symptoms of life, and so far recovered as to be able to sit up and talk. They were on their way to church and had stepped under a tree to avoid the rain. The tree was shivered to pieces.

A GREAT EFFORT.

The abolition speech of Senator Sumner—twelve columns long—was furnished in manuscript to the New York Herald and Tribune before it was delivered.

THE NAVY BILL.

The President has signed the bill which increases the pay of the Navy officers about 25 per cent.

AN HONEST REASON.

It is said that the reason why the "Republicans" call Lincoln "Honest Abe" is to distinguish him from the rest of their party.

The eighth volume of Bancroft's History of the United States will be published in a few days.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

JUNE 13.

Bacon 12@15c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 00@16c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 100c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c; hides, green 4c, dried 10c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6½, oats 40@50c; peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 1.10@1.20.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

JUNE 9.—Cotton—The sales of the week have been quite small; extreme 6@11c. Flour—$3.25@3.50 ₰ sack of 98 lbs. Corn—1.08@1.12½ ₰ bu. of 56 lbs. Peas—1.00 ₰ bu. Oats—75@80c. Hay—North Carolina 1.62½@1.75 ₰ 100 lbs; Northern 2.00@2.50.

MOBILE MARKET.

JUNE 8.—Sales of cotton today 1,000 bales. Middlings 10¼@10½.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

JUNE 8.—The cotton market was dull today. The sales 500 bales. Quotations were nominal.

NEW YORK MARKET.

JUNE 6.—The cotton market is quiet, with sales of 500 bales. Flour heavy—sales 1500 bbls.; Southern has slightly declined. Wheat heavy, with sales of 42,000 bus. Corn buoyant, with sales of 60,000 bus.

Norfolk Market.

Received weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

JUNE 7.

FLOUR—Family 7.25@7.50. Extra 6.50@6.75. Superfine 6.00@6.25.

WHEAT—Red and White 1.27@1.50.

CORN—Mixed 65c. White 70c. Yellow 70c.

PEAS—B Eye 1.00@1.10.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.00@1.10; Peaches ₰ bu. 40 lbs. 3.00@4.00 for peeled. 2.00@2.50 for unpeeled.

COTTON—7¼@11¼.

FLAXSEED—1.25@1.30

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

BEESWAX—30@32c.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $32.50, White hhd. $52, heading $30, hhd. $28.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

JUNE 11.—Turpentine—Virgin 2.80, yellow dip 2.60, hard 1.60 ₰ 280 lbs. Spirits Turpentine—38½c ₰ gallon. Rosin—Common 1.12½ ₰ 310 lbs; No. 2 1.15@1.25 ₰ bbl. Tar—1.80 ₰ bbl. Flour—Superfine 6.75; family 7.00. Peas—Cow 1.05 ₰ bu.

BE CAREFUL

Charles Shephard of Granger, Allegany co., N. Y., while filling a fluid lamp, which was burning, spilled some of the fluid upon himself, which taking fire, he was burned to death.

MARRIED.

In Warren county, on the 30th May, Mr. W. W. PERRINSON, of Raleigh, to Miss AMANDA F., daughter of Martin Lambert, of Mecklenburg, Va.

In Louisburg, on the 24 inst., Mr. ROBT. BISHOP to Miss MARY GALES.

In Richmond, Va., on the 6th inst., Mr. THOS. J. HILL, to Miss MARY E. READ.

In Richmond, Va., on the 7th inst., Mr. JAS. H. TEMPLE, of St. Louis, Mo., to Mrs. HENRIETTA MILLSPAUGH.

In Rowan county, on the 21st May, Mr. THOS. J. FOSTER to Miss KATE C. LUCKEY.

In Cumberland county, on the 29th May, by Rev. L. S. Burkhead, Dr. A. J. MONROE to Miss MARY E. RAY.

In Fayetteville, on the 30th May, by Rev. L. S. Burkhead, Mr. JOHN K. DAILEY to Miss ELIZABETH P. JOHNSON.

In Hyde county, on the 22d May, Mr. E. A. FORTESCUE to Miss ALICE V., daughter of Jones Spencer.

DIED.

In this county, on the 1st inst., Dr. NATHANIEL B. HOUSTON; aged 66 years.

In Richmond, Va., on the 7th inst., Mrs. MARY JONES; aged 69 years.

In Richmond, Va., on the 6th inst., Mrs. MARIA SCOTT; aged 54 years.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 22d May, Mr. EDWARD S. WORSHAM; aged 29 years.

In Washington, on the 31st May, Mr. JOHN LONG; aged 66 years.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE SEA SIDE.—The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has again opened his House at Wrightsville, and is prepared to accommodate all who wish to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of the Sea Shore. m2?-4t R. H. GRANT.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE Scrofulus; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blains and Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiated or impure blood. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, and all druggists and merchants. je2-2m

Guilford Candidate.

FOR SHERIFF.—We are authorized to announce C. A. BOON a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff for the county of Guilford.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hacks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store. may2-6m WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address, JUSTIN S. CRESSY, may19-6m Drawer 23, Hillsdale, Michigan.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has an increasing circulation throughout the South and South-west, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be inserted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 50 per cent will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

COMMON SCHOOLS.—Guilford Co.

SPRING DIVIDEND, 1860;

Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.
1	$19.14	21	$21.75	41	$16.86	61	$16.[illegible]
2	24.42	22	21.12	42	30.57	62	20.[illegible]
3	30.00	23	21.08	43	26.40	63	20.[illegible]
4	24.09	24	30.03	44	19.57	64	19.[illegible]
5	28.38	25	25.41	45	24.15	65	17.[illegible]
6	25.41	26	24.42	46	21.42	66	20.[illegible]
7	28.38	27	30.69	47	19.14	67	19.[illegible]
8	25.41	28	32.01	48	32.01	68	20.[illegible]
9	27.39	29	22.11	49	16.84	69	7.[illegible]
10	30.03	30	28.61	50	41.50	70	16.[illegible]
11	19.80	31	32.07	51	18.20	71	44.[illegible]
12	26.40	32	31.18	52	33.32	72	21.[illegible]
13	15.51	33	35.04	53	23.10	73	18.[illegible]
14	21.78	34	43.88	54	28.71	74	20.[illegible]
15	14.52	35	22.77	55	32.99	75	28.[illegible]
16	17.16	36	64.02	56	28.71	76	28.[illegible]
17	18.15	37	35.64	57	30.63	77	14.[illegible]
18	22.77	38	58.41	58	21.78	78	15.[illegible]
19	12.21	39	17.16	59	29.70	79	8.[illegible]
20	15.20	40	27.06	60	18.48	80	12.[illegible]

june9-4w NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.

NOW READY,

ILLUMINATED EDITION of WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS to the People of the United States, inscribed to the Hon. Edward Everett. Embellished with arabesque designs in colors, with recent views of Mount Vernon.

The publishers feel impressed with a conviction that a time has come which demands a more thorough and serious examination of the principles and truths contained in this great State Paper, and that it should be more generally diffused among the people at large. To this end they have striven to give the "Address" a form and garb in some measure worthy its importance, and calculated, they trust, to popularize and give it permanence.

The "Address" is in quarto form, printed in colors, on superior plate paper. The publishers cannot but hope that with the attractive externals of illuminated typography the taste, and its teachings, by these means, be more effectively recommended to, and fastened upon, the people, for mind and heart.

Price of the "Address"—single copies, One Dollar. Early orders solicited. A liberal discount to the trade.

Orders and communications may be addressed to DEVEREUX & CO., june9-2w 152 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

GILBERT STUART'S Oil Print PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—Persons throughout the country who are desirous of aiding the "Mount Vernon Ladie's Association of the Union" in their noble work, that of collecting funds sufficient to complete, restore, beautify and maintain the Home of Washington at Mount Vernon, can render valuable service to the cause, by forming clubs from among their friends of 5, 10, 20, or more persons, and remitting with names the same amount in dollars for this beautiful copy of the great

ORIGINAL PICTURE

now in possession of the Boston Athenæum, and conceded to be THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS OF THE "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

The picture is cabinet size, and apart from its being made tributary to the "Mount Vernon Fund" is a handsome parlor ornament; and no better memorial could be treasured of the great Washington than this appropriate and speaking Souvenir. Every family in the land should possess a copy of it.

Parcels of 5, 10, 15, 20, 50, or 100 copies will be carefully put up and sent to any point of address, on the receipt of ONE DOLLAR for each picture ordered, thus, five dollars remitted for five pictures; ten dollars for ten; twenty for twenty, &c.

Clubs of ten, twenty, fifty or more persons, can remit to Mrs. Susan L. Pellett, Corresponding Secretary, at Richmond, Va., or any of the officers representing the Mount Vernon interest in other States.

N. B. In sending orders, please write all the names of subscribers legibly, as each one forming a Club, as also the name of the person who collects it, will be published under the "Portrait Subscriptions" in the pages of the "Mount Vernon Record."

All express Companies throughout the country, extending even to California and Oregon, having given the Association the FREE use of their routes, parcels will therefore be forwarded without any charge.

Persons will address and remit to L. A. Godey, Esq., of the Lady's Book, or DEVEREUX & CO., june9-2w 152 South Third Street, Philada.

NOW READY,

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

N. B. This beautiful match picture to George Washington, same size, style and price, is now ready for delivery. Orders solicited. D. & CO.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of

Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, JR., (Successor to S. H. MAHES.) mrch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply.....12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply.....15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply.....17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply.....22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply.....27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply.....32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply.....38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply.....42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply.....60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply.....72 cents per foot

tf J. B. F. BOONE.

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860.

A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS, to the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies' Dress Goods consists of a full, complete and fashionable assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention, Hoop Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24-tf

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE, An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy, Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX, mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

NORTH CAROLINA—GUILFORD County—Superior Court of Law Spring Term, 1860. Mary A. Shackleford against Armstead Shackleford—Petition for Divorce.

It appearing to the satisfaction of Court that the Defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Greensboro Times, notifying said defendant to be and appear at our next term of this court held for the county Guilford at the court-house in Greensboro, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the plaintiff's petition; otherwise the case will be heard ex parte as to him.

Witness, W. D. Trotter, clerk of our said court at office the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March, 1860. may12-6w W. D. TROTTER, Clerk.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash. feb11-tf B. L. COLE

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860. feb11-tf COLE & AMIS.

"The American Pump"---Great Work.

About a year since, after an examination of the above invention, we gave in our columns a favorable notice of it, since which, ample time has been afforded to test its real merits, which we learn has been successfully done in almost every section of the Union. At the beautifully and handsomely improved residence erected immediately upon the site of old Fort Independence, South Yonkers, near Kingsbridge, built, owned and occupied by Wm. O Giles, Esq., (of the House of Andrews, Giles & Co., 100 Chambers street,) one of these pumps has lately been put in operation. It is set in a reservoir, supplied by two memorable springs, within a few yards of the old house and headquarters, (still standing,) of General Montgomery. By invitation, on Saturday last, in company with Mr. James M. Edney, we visited the above locality for the purpose of witnessing the operation of this pump. While present, Mr. Edney and Mr. Giles measured the distance from the spring to the house which was found to be *eight hundred and sixty two feet*, and the perpendicular elevation was *one hundred and fifty eight feet*. They then put the pump in operation, and through a three quarter inch pipe, (which was very much against the pump, being too small,) forced over five gallons of water a minute the above distance and height, by two men, or by one man, and Mr. Edney worked the pump *alone with one hand*. Mr. Edney has such confidence in the pump that he will gurantee that two men will elevate water two hundred and fifty feet and carry it horizontally one thousand or more feet. Mr. Giles has tried other methods of getting the water from the spring to the house, which has proved to be slow, uncertain and expensive. Nothing has given him half the satisfaction of The American Pump, and with this he appears much delighted. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most ingenious inventions in the way of hydraulics ever constructed. It can, in ordinary depths, be worked with the greatest ease by a small boy, and its simplicity, cheapness, and adaptation forcing water up to almost any height, gives it a decided advantage over the majority of other inventions made for this purpose For its size and appearance, its power is most wonderful. A man can put it on his shoulder and carry it almost any distance. The public have only to witness the operation of this pump to be convinced that too much cannot be said in commendation of it. Those who have experienced a difficulty in getting water up into high buildings, or to great elevations, or who wish to obtain something of a substantial nature, at a trifling expense, easily worked by hand or power, will find in the American Pump all they need combined, for it discharges at any number of given points, and throws water by hose from 30 to 40 feet by hand, with great ease and regularity. Mr. Edney keeps samples at his office, and a working pump at 70 feet, at his factory, 432 Tenth street. Full drawings and prices will be sent free by addressing Jas. M. Edney, 147 Chambers street, N. Y.—*Express.*

☞ EDITORS OF PAPERS—Copying the above one time in their reading columns and sending a marked copy of their paper to the above address, will immediately receive, free of charge, a splendid copy of Daniel Webster, addressing the United States Senate, March 7, 1850. One of the finest and largest engravings ever issued from the American press, 28 X 26 inches, containing 122 faces and figures of America's most eminent statesmen, assembled on that memorable occasion. Just from the press, accompanied by a key to the whole.

THE CATTLE DISTEMPER.

Since the appearance of the cattle disease in New Jersey, the New Yorkers are considerably exercised upon the subject of the milk and butter they are using, from the Jersey dairies. The distemper has spread with great rapidity. It is scarcely a year since it showed itself in this country, yet it has extended to six States, and over thirty localities. More than eight hundred head of cattle in New England have been slaughtered to prevent the extension of the disease, and over one thousand have died of the contagion. It is said that the disease does not seem to require a close proximity of the healthy to the sick cattle, in order to communicate the malady. Congress had taken up the matter, and it deserves their consideration much more than the business of President-making.

A SINGULAR CASE.

J. C. Adams, the menagerie manager, applied to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, a few days since, to see if anything could be done for his head, which was scalped in a fight with a bear some years ago. The monster by one blow of his paw tore the scalp from the skull completely over the frontal bone He was a second time injured in the same place by a grizzly bear, by which the *periosteum* was stripped from the skull and the bone, which from want of its natural covering and nutriment, died and sloughed off. In its place granulations were formed, which in appearance looks like fungs matter. A few months ago he was training a monkey, which creature sprang upon the unfortunate man's head and inserted his carniverous teeth in the wounded part. Under these combined misfortunes, Adams has lost his health and has become a great sufferer. One who saw him at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, states that when the heart beats, if the head is uncovered the pulsations can be seen in the boneless portion of his cranium.—*N. Y. Post.*

Col. John Pryor an old and esteemed citizen of Amherst county, Va., died on the 26th ult.

Educational.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—The collegiate year of this institution begins on the Last Thursday in July, and ends on the Second Thursday in June.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, lnel, &c. (lights extra,) $30; tuition $20, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $20, other styles in proportion; music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

FACULTY: Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., president, and professor of natural sciences and belles-lettres; W. F. Alderman, A. M., treasurer, and professor of Latin and mathematics; Theo. F. Wolfe, professor of music; W. C. A. Frerichs, professor of drawing, painting and French; Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss Alla D. Clary, assistants in literary department; Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Addie Susseruff, assistants in music; Miss L. C. Van Vleck, teacher of guitar; Miss Josephine M. Flint, teacher of vocal music; Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Mrs. Kate Smith, boarding department.

UNIFORM, &c.: The winter uniform is, mazarine blue merinos, and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue; summer, white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information address, T. M. JONES.
11-1y Greensboro, N. C.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	50 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1850. Letters should be addressed to JACOB MORTON,
may6-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

HIGH POINT FEMALE SCHOOL The fall session, 1850, will begin on 6th of August. Pupils admitted at any time, and charged for the time they remain in school. ☞ A limited number of worthy poor young ladies will be credited for their *tuition* until they shall have had reasonable time to pay for it by their exertions as teachers or otherwise.

RATES PER SESSION—Board $10 00; Tuition $10 00, $12 50, $15 00; Incidental Tax $1 00; Latin or French $5 00; Piano or Guitar $2 00. No charges for use of instruments.

TERMS—Fifty dollars per session required in advance, the balance at the close of the session. ☞ These terms will be strictly enforced in every case. Pupils furnish their own towels and candles. They are not allowed to make accounts.

For further information address the Principal,
S. LANDER, A. M.
may12-6wp High Point, N. C.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the First Monday in July, 1850, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec21-tf E. F. WATSON.

☞ Greensboro Patriot, Hillsboro Recorder, and Christian Sun, please copy.

Miscellaneous.

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,
in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmer's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Porter & Gorrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chip, braid, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Flats, Shaker Hoods, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Roches, Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. MOORE, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. MOORE will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mh24tf

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suitable to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store. may3 PORTER & GORRELL.

A PICTURE FOR THE TIMES.

THE UNION NOT IN DANGER when the Shade of WASHINGTON is before us.
SPIRIT OF THE UNION.
Size 13x17 inches.

This truly patriotic and elaborate Picture in Oil Colors represents a correct full length portrait of WASHINGTON in military costume, illustrative of the following verses from William Ross Wallace's Poem.

And lo! on high the glorious shade
Of Washington lights all the gloom,
And points unto these words, arrayed
In lines of fire around his tomb:

"Americans! your fathers shed
Their blood to rear the Union's fame;
For this their fearless banners spread
On many a gory plain.

Americans! O, will ye dare,
On mountain, prairie, valley, flood,
By hurling down their glorious gift,
To desecrate that blood!

"The Right shall live while Faction dies;
All traitors draw a fleeting breath;
But patriots drink from God's own eyes
Truth's light, that conquers death.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Sunday Courier.—It is well worthy the attention of every lover of art.

From the Sunday Atlas.—It is a magnificent production, and deserves an extensive patronage.

From the Com'l Advertiser.—The Picture is patriotic, and highly colored.

From the Despatch.—A very handsome and effective chromo-lithograph. It ought to find its way into frames, and adorn every patriot's fireside.

From the Evening Post.—"The Spirit of the Union" is the title of a handsomely colored chrolithograph. It represents the Father of his Country in full military costume, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by a halo of tinted clouds.

From the N. Y. Sun.—A fine picture in oil colors representing a full length portrait of Washington in full military dress. By Edward Dechaux, New York. This picture is one of superior merit, and we doubt not will find a place in every household.

From the House Journal.—It represents Washington in military costume as the guardian spirit of the Union. It happily illustrates the Union poem recently written by William Ross Wallace.

From the N. Y. Express.—It is a fine work of art, and ought to grace the walls of every house in the land.

TERMS.

Single copies by mail $1 and 12 cents in stamps; $5 will secure six copies free of postage.

To the trade a liberal discount will be made.

Published by EDWARD DECHAUX,
may3-it ARTIST'S EMPORIUM, 709 Broadway, N Y.

L. DRUCKER. J. HEILBRUN. P. A. WOLFF.

NEW CASH STORE.—The old and well-known establishment of DRUCKER & HEILBRUN in Charlotte, have opened a branch of their establishment in Greensboro, under the name and style of HEILBRUN, DRUCKER & CO., and have opened an entirely new stock of goods, consisting of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, BOOTS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.;
all of which we will sell at greatly less prices than they have been sold for heretofore, and we therefore invite the attention of all those wishing to purchase to our stock of goods. We have taken a part of the house occupied by the widow Adams, between McAdoo's corner and Caldwell's corner, where all are solicited to give us a call.
may19-3m DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.

Dry Goods, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boy's, youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of
EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE;
Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoe-findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. FEARCE & BEST,
tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1850.....NEW STORE.....1850
LANDECKER & KLINE would call the attention of the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity to the fact that they have opened a new store at Yates' old stand, where they will keep constantly on hand a large stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
which have been selected with great care, and which they will sell at prices which defy competition. Their Stock comprises a large assortment of
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
consisting in part of Black and Fancy Silks, Poulard Silks, Valencias, Poil de Chevreur, Poplins, Organdies, Muslins, Jaconetts, Bareges, with trimmings to correspond; together with a beautiful assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, Homespuns, Shirtings, &c. We would invite the attention of the ladies to our magnificent stock of White Goods, French and Swiss hand-worked Collars and Sleeves, French Bands, Children's Waists, Mitts, Lace Points, Mantillas, Dusters, French Flowers, Ribbons, Head-Dresses, and all the Novelties of the Season, which were imported by our connected house in New York, and at prices which cannot fail to please; in fact we can say that we have everything that is kept in a Dry Goods Store, and that we are able to sell goods lower than any other house in this section of country. Call and examine our stock and judge for yourselves if you will not save money by purchasing your goods of us. Our motto is, "large sales and small profits."

We have also on hand a large stock of Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers with and without heels, for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, misses' and children's Shoes, all of the best make, and cheaper than ever offered in this place.
apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion's unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co's betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan:
They either have got, or will speedily make you,
The best suit of Clothes ever seen upon man!!

S. ARCHER & CO., would again call the attention of their old friends and customers and the rest of mankind, to their
UNRIVALLED STOCK
—OF—
FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,
which has been selected with their usual care, and especially adapted to the wants of this community, and at
PRICES SO LOW AS TO DEFY COMPETITION!
Our Stock is complete and large, and comprises the
LATEST STYLES
of PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of
PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,
SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
HATS, SHOES,
PISTOLS,
PERFUMERY, &c., &c.
We have Goods to suit the purses of all. Whole Suits at $2 75 and upwards.

We were never better prepared, either in price or assortment to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage. apr14

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.
apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

1850.....SPRING TRADE.....1850
THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Cords,
Blay Linens,	Cloths,
White Cambrics,	Tweed Drills,
Jaconets,	Shalops,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Cottonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton,
Alpaccas,	Italian Cloths,
Plain Delaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hosiery,
English and French Drap d'Etes,	

Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs. All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BALL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.
ELLETT & DREWRY
mrh31-3m No. 21 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

HOOP SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the best material, from 15c. upwards.
apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

Medical.

"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

VERMIN.—
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" Bed-bug Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c.
DESTROYS UTTERLY
Rats—Roaches—Mice—Moles—Gophers and Mice—Red-Bugs—Ants—Mosquitoes—Fleas—Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c., &c.—in short, every form and species of VERMIN.
19 Years established in New York City—used by the City Post-Office—the City Prisons and Station Houses—the City Steamers, Ships, &c.—the City Hotels, "Astor," "St. Nicholas," &c.—and by more than 20,000 private families.
☞ Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them.
Wholesale Agents in all the large Cities and Towns.
!!! BEWARE !!! of spurious imitations.
$1,00 Sample Box sent by Mail.
Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to
HENRY R. COSTAR, PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
512 Broadway, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel,) N. Y
Sold in Greensboro at the Drug Store, by
may26-3m PORTER & GORRELL.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS PAINTS OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confident that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. may

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
In Fourteen Months.
It is Warranted to Cure
If Directions are Followed,
Any Case of Dyspepsia
Liver Disease,
Jaundice,
General Debility,
Palpitation,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Giddiness,
Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite,
Pain in Side and Back,
It is Especially Adapted to
Female Complaints:
It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

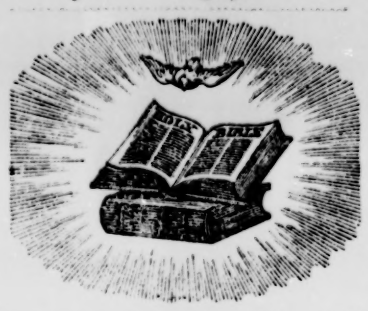
Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and necessary interest of all Druggists to purchase of W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS,
363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

HOW HARRY CONQUERED JACK.

"I will never swear again," Harry said solemnly to himself and half out loud, as he walked on slowly after parting with Uncle Hugh. "As he says, I *did* act the coward—and I am ashamed of it—but, but"—and he knit his brows with perplexed thought—"but what should I do, if Jack should serve me so again? He will, the first chance he gets, and I will not run, or beg, or show the white feather in any way—but I will not swear at him. What shall I do?"

"*Fight manfully under Christ's banner*," whispered his memory in answer to his troubled questionings. Harry heard the whisper, and firmly resolved to obey it: just how, he could not have told—only to stand with a brave true heart, close to the Master's standard, and fight it out let the blows come heavy as they would. He felt very strong, walking alone, thinking thus to himself; and in imaginary combats, in which he acted the part of a Christian solder, quite forgot his mud-bespattered clothes and ruined cap.

"Hillo, there, little Catechism!" It was Jack Graham's gruff voice, and Harry's brave heart instantly began to flutter and fail, for there stood Jack on the tavern-steps, waiting for him to pass by. "Hillo, little Catechism! Seems to me you are getting ahead of the rest of the Sunday boys! It is spoiling you, my dear, to sit under the church steeple so often. Don't you want another run, and the chance of freeing your mind so beautifully?" and there upon the great idle youth planted himself directly in the way of our little hero, with a most tantalizing sneer.

How much easier it is to talk than to act! How much easier to fight for Satan than the good Master! But Harry was not going to play the coward this time. He would have passed Jack without giving him the least notice, but he was not permitted to.

"Come, now, let us hear some of that pretty talk over again"—and he rudely pinched the little fellow's ear, without extracting the least whimper or show of pain. "Sneak out I tell you, I want the boys to hear how smart you Sunday-scholars can be when the parson is out of sight. Give it to me again, little one, as you did up there in the thorn tree, and then you may go home to your mother"—and he puffed a volume of vile tobacco-smoke into Harry's unflinching face.

"Will you please to let me pass?" asked Harry, with manly dignity.

"Not until you frighten me again, as you did up in the thorn-tree," said the great ugly fellow, blocking up Harry's way.

Harry did not attempt to force his progress; he knew such an effort would be worse than useless, for Jack was twice his size and was but seeking a provocation to thrash him soundly. Nor did he doubt that Jack would release him without further torment, if he would but curse him boldly, as he did an hour before. But if he had to stand there all night Harry could not then use such means for freeing himself from his tormentor. He was under Christ's banner, and would fight it out.

"I tell you what it is," spoke out our little hero, so loudly and distinctly that the loungers on the tavern steps could hear him; "I am not going to swear at you, Jack Graham, if I stand here a fortnight. I never mean to swear again as long as I live. If you ever hear me speak profanely after this you may flog me as long as you like, for I shall deserve it. I am a Sunday-school boy, and mean to behave myself more like one hereafter."

"Well, now, this is a rich one," said Jack, not a little puzzled and defeated. "So you think you can stand here a fortnight, do you? Better take a little exercise first;" and he attempted to knock off Harry's cap again, but Harry was too quick for him, and held it in its place. The tavern-group laughed at the failure, and cheered Harry for the reply he made.

"Jack Graham," said he, taking off his abused cap and holding it towards his assailant, "if it will afford you any great amusement to see this blowing up and down in the wind you may have it to play with as long as you like—but I do think a big boy like you might find something better to do."

The cheering from Jack's associates at this speech, and the ridicule it brought upon him, provoked him to strike a blow at Harry, which happily, failed to hit him; and before the bully could repeat it, a strong rough fellow, to whom nature had given a great good heart, came forward to his defence.

"Shame! shame on you, Jack Graham! Let the little fellow alone—he is of the right metal!" Jack skulked away, afraid of Ned Taylor, who turned to Harry, and patting him kindly upon the head, continued in a low voice, "Stand to your word, little fellow, and don't you swear for any of them. I am a bad man to give you such advice, but take it and keep it. Bad as I am, it makes me sorry to hear little boys say bad words. Stick to it, and don't give in for any of 'em."

"I won't" said Harry, and thanking his defender for his kind assistance, he hurried home, with a light, grateful heart. He wished he could see Uncle Hugh, and tell him all about it. If he had played the coward once that day, he was proud to think he had, in a measure, redeemed himself. He didn't believe Jack Graham would ever trouble him again—and he never did.

J. M. P.

AN APIARY.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A LESSON FOR LAWYERS.

When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office he visited Frontier county in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was, "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confuted the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, *you shall have the pistol!*" So saying he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

The reflection of the sun's rays in a mirror has been distinguished at a distance of twelve miles.

An artificial florist lately described himself as "*head* gardener to the ladies."

No dust affects the eyes like gold dust.

A political paper, in noticing a recent demonstration of its party, says "the air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people."—After which we suppose the band played "Root hog or die."

A WHOLE SUIT.

What employment does the hat remind you of? That of a king, for it has a crown. The cravat? The hangman, because it is choker. The shirt? The hunter, for it saves the bear (bare) skin. The vest? The diplomatist, for it goes all around the subject and shows little. The pantaloons? Pious sectarians, for though divided below, they meet above. The boots? The millers, for they grind the corn.

WANTED.

A nerve from the tooth of a comb.
A cap for the head of a pin.
A glass for the eye of a needle.
A leaf from the branch of a river.
A glove for the hand of nature.
Some buttons for a coat of paint.
Some fish caught with a book-worm.

Rather an old story comes to us fresh from Paris. An amateur of the violencello once played before Rossini with such fire and soul, that the great *maestro*, in the middle of the performance, rushed at the player and rapturously kissed him on the forehead. "Since that time," says the triumphant scraper of catgut to a friend, "I have never washed that spot." The mystery is solved why so many artists are so dirty—they have been kissed by Rossini.

Two brothers in Maine, by the name of Rich have been lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have removed to Illinois. Thus "riches take to themselves wings and fly away."

To make an excellent jam—Squeeze six or eight women, now-a-days, into a common stage coach.

Truth lies within the holy of holies in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule that leads to it.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical: and which, if collected together, edited and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic and the farmer.

BEE KEEPING.

The selection of a suitable place for an apiary is of great importance. The situation should be well sheltered from strong winds, either naturally or by building walls or fences. If not sufficiently protected, the bees are prevented from leaving the hive, and when returning with heavy loads of honey and pollen are blown to the ground, or dashed against trees and rocks, and thus many are lost. It is not well to have large surfaces of water very near, lest the bees, overcome by cold or fatigue, should be forced to alight on them, or be carried down by the winds and perish. The hives should especially be protected from north-west winds and from chilling south winds. It is necessary where the winters are severe particularly to regard protection from cold.—The hives may face the south or east, or south-east, and thus the greatest benefit will be derived from the continuance of the heat and light of the sun during that portion of the day when they are most useful. The hives should be placed in a right line; it is better to place them on shelves, one above another, than in near rows upon the ground. The distance between the hives should not be less than 2 feet; their height from the ground should be about the same. Some experienced bee-keepers, however, raise the platform of the hive not more than 2 inches from the earth, considering this preferable, because fewer of the fatigued or chilled bees that miss the hive in returning and alight under it, are lost, the flight of issuing swarms is lower, and there is less exposure to strong winds. It will be found of not a little consequence to have the apiary where it can be conveniently watched in swarming time, but it should by all means be removed from all annoyance and disturbance by men or teams passing and repassing, or animals laboring or grazing too near the hives. Grounds on which there are no large trees, but some of small size and shrubbery, on which the swarms may alight, are preferable. The grass should be mowed frequently around the hives, and the ground kept clean, not only for the delight of the bees, but to prevent too much dampness, and to destroy the lurking places of noxious insects and vermin. The proper construction of the hive is one of the things most essential to success in bee keeping. Many different kinds have been invented, each more or less complex, designed to gain certain advantages, and to obviate certain evils in managing bees and producing honey.

The above is a representation of one of these, but to give full information upon this subject, a description of the most important varieties, also upon the general subject of Bees, their habits, the way to manage them successfully, and profitably, we refer the reader to the third volume of the "New American Cyclopedia," which can be found in almost every good or well selected library.

PEACHES.

Take ripe and sound peaches, remove the down by rubbing with a flannel cloth, or with a brush. Any good peaches make fine pickles, but the most desirable of all are the "blood-clings." Boil and skim clean one gallon of good vinegar, and four pounds of sugar, stick five or six cloves into each peach, and pour the hot vinegar over them. After eight or ten days, drain off the vinegar, boil and skim it again, and pour it over while hot. After they become cold, put them in glass jars and cover tight, as preserves.

PLUMS.

These are pickled as peaches, but with no spices but a little cinnamon, and the proportion of sugar should be larger—say six pounds to a gallon of vinegar. Treat in all other respects the same as the peach.

TO PRESERVE CRANBERRIES.

Boil in a little water without burning, a pound of the fruit, very soft, add a pound of sugar, and boil it for five minutes, closely covered.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S.....J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 4-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-tf

GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Jefferson City, Missouri, will attend the different Courts held at the capital, and in the adjoining counties. Also, to the collection of debts; and persons who wish to have investments made in the West may be assured that his long acquaintance here would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage. tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N.C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.
SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, of each volume containing, at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $5 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

The Messenger will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of John R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf or, Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and editors will be able to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

The Journal is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of The Journal for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

Terms: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance: anyone sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

The Journal and The Times, one year, for $2 50.

The First Volume of The Journal will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1 50; and when ordered by the "Board," for all the schools of a county, at $1 10. Address,

J. D. CAMPBELL,
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Advertisements inserted at the same rates as here! here.

PROSPECTUS OF THE BLUE RIDGE HERALD.—On or about the 1st of July 1860, we will issue a weekly Literary, Political and Family Newspaper, with the above title.

The Herald will be devoted to literature, science, politics, morality, agriculture and general intelligence. It shall be our aim to make it independent in all things—neutral in none. In politics we shall adhere unconditionally to no party or faction, but shall advocate State-Rights and a Southern Confederacy with whatever ability we may possess. We shall endeavor to make our paper of interest to the general readers as well as to those of our local friends who may favor us with their patronage; and will devote especial labor to the internal progress and general prosperity of our "Mountain District." With no extravagant promises for the usefulness and benefit of the Herald, we trust it may equal any weekly of the State in honest efforts after the promotion of the general welfare and well being of society.

WARREN R. MARSHALL, formerly editor of the "Walhalla Banner," will assume the editorial charge of the political and general intelligence departments, and FLETCHER SMITH of the literary, moral and agricultural departments.

In order to bring the Herald within the reach of all who may desire it, we have determined to furnish it at $1.50 per annum, to be paid in advance, invariably. Persons wishing to subscribe, will please address,

MARSHALL & SMITH,
June 2-tf Walhalla, S. C.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
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THE TIMES is contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen and the most prominent and noted places of the country. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make The Times the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. In it will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Workshop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, (edited by Wm. R. Hunter, the "Children's Friend;") and a column of Wit, that will make one "laugh and grow fat." Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

TERMS: Single subscription $2 a year; six copies for $10; ten copies for $15. No paper sent unless paid for in advance. Address,

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Musical.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

Testimonials.—"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist*. "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—*Christian Intel.* "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Jour.*

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ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK No. 3, contains fifty tunes and hymns, mostly new, just what is wanted for Sabbath-School Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Concerts, Revival Meetings and New-Year's Greetings. Among the many beautiful may be found "Happy Christmas Morn," "Music of Angels," cantata, "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," "Pleasant Sabbath-School," "Rouse, thee, Child of Heaven," "Sorrow shall come again no more," "Bethlehem Star," "Bright Happy New-Year," "Don't you hear the Angels Coming?" "Be kind to the loved ones at Home." Price 5c.; $3 per 100, postage 1c.

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.—Misses', boy's, youth's and children's Boots and Shoes with metalic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. 41-tf J. F. BOONE.

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....G. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.
A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—M. KELLOGG of Milton, and W. M. YOUNG of Guilford, have this day formed a copartnership for manufacturing Monuments and Tombstones of every description, which will be delivered at all places in Southern Virginia and North Carolina, at the lowest prices. All orders sent to Milton or Greensboro will be promptly attended to.

may12-3m KELLOGG & YOUNG.

JOHN DICKENSON, ... of Petersburg. ..... of Baltimore.
DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va., Commission and Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, second door from Cary street, solicit consignments of tobacco, wheat, corn and other produce. Special attention paid to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write sermons, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. D. 16-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N.C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, lithographs for Grecian and oil paintings, Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Conner sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. july4-1y.

HECTOR DAVIS, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant for the sale of Negroes, Franklin st., Richmond Va. Sells Negroes both publicly and privately, and pledges his best efforts to get the highest prices. 10rb61-3mp

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, opposite the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N.C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, cofins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 12-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c. *References*: McPheeters & Gheeslin, John B. Odom, Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillon, Washington; W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Story, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. B. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 137 Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan 14-1y

JOHN R. LONDON.....JOHN R. BRYAN.
Late of Wilmington, N.C. Late of Raleigh, N.C.
LONDON & BRYAN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 32 India street, Boston, Mass., will devote their attention to the sale of naval stores, cotton, lumber, and Southern produce generally; also to purchasing and shipping all orders for goods, &c. We are prepared to extend the usual facilities to all consignments. dec17-6mp

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, prepaid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Pfifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for The Times, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in this State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh; University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 106, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 28-1y

J. E. WADSWORTH, D. B. TURNER, G. S. PALMER.
WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-6mp

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.